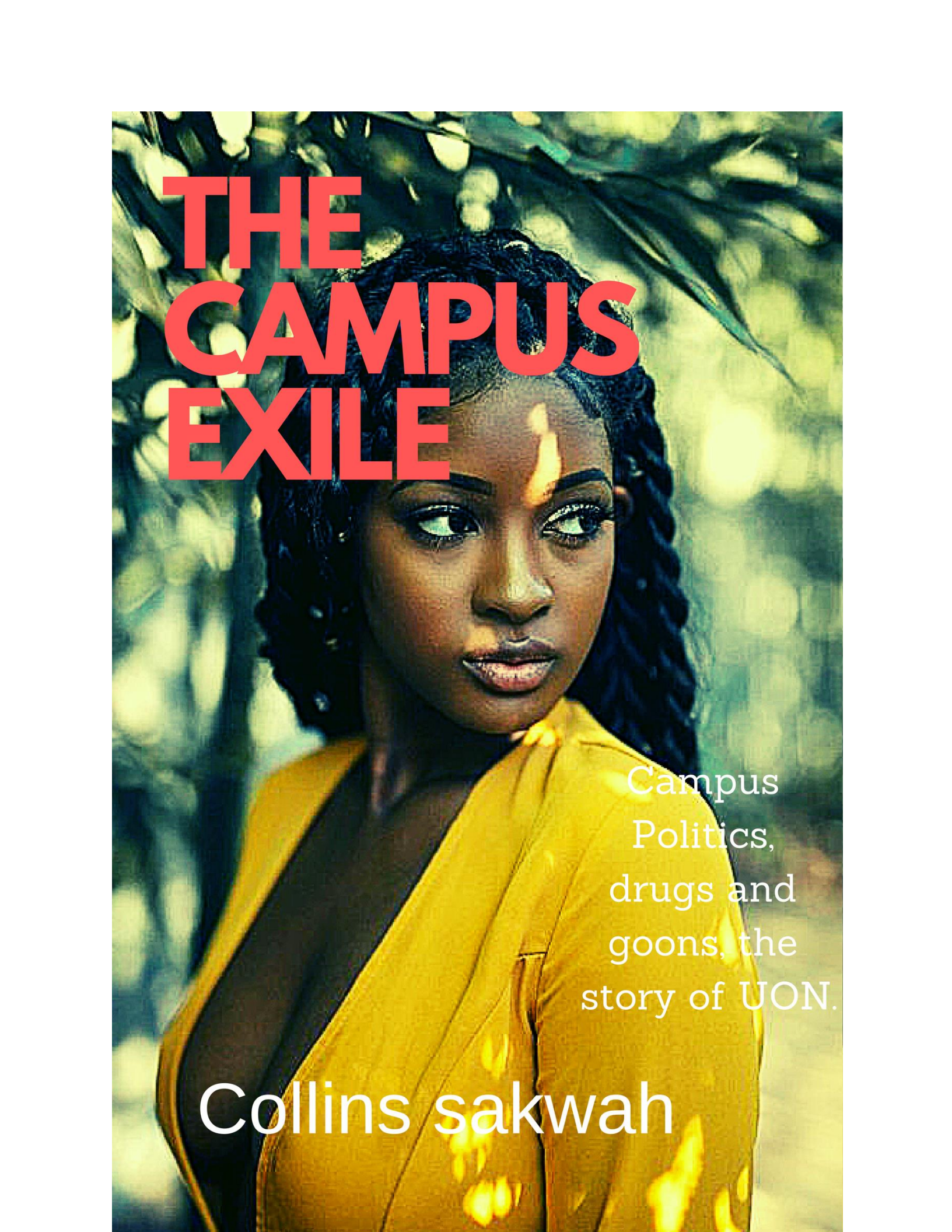


THE CAMPUS EXILE
PART TWO

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



THE CAMPUS EXILE

Campus
Politics,
drugs and
goons, the
story of UON.

Collins sakwah

CHAPTER ONE

Shame is what confined Elena in a Mathare slum for so long. She was ashamed of getting back to school or even getting out of the iron-sheet covered structure. She no longer had cars, clothes, money to spend and everything that she needed. She only had one cloth, the torn clothes that she walked into the slum with.

For a long time she had not had a decent meal in her stomach. She lived on a mixture of tea leaves and water, and if luck was on her side, she would add a few crystals of sugar in the black tea. She spent most of her time locked up inside Kevo's house, mostly listening to the radio.

The outside was very hostile. The slum dwellers attacked and abused her because of the things that her dad did. She was no longer wanted in the same hood that made her childhood. 'Our young sons and daughters are buried deep into drugs because of her father, and now she has the audacity to come and live in our midst,' one angry lady attacked Elena when she went out to buy tea leaves. As before, Kevo came to her rescue.

When sober, Kevo was Elena's darling. He would spend the day with her in the house, remembering and narrating their difficult childhood, but trouble started when he went out in the evenings and came back drunk.

On that day, Elena had folded her body on the metallic bed, she was spending another night on an empty stomach when she heard a rude knock on the door. Kevo, as usual, had announced his arrival.

Elena walked to the door, her body as weak as the young one of a bird on a stormy night. Kevo was not alone on that particular night, he had another lady as company. The girl was dressed in a very short dress with a transparent top that exposed her body to the eyes. She was dressed too smart expensively to be a slum girl.

The two staggered into the room arm to arm. The room was dark, the lights were switched off as were the norms of the slums. They climbed onto the bed, as Elena watched on with confusion.

'Elena, you will sleep on that chair,. I have a visitor today, and if you have something against that, you can get your own place and rent it!' Kevo ordered with a drunk rude voice. He pushed Elena out of his way.

The room had a bed that occupied eighty-five percent of the room, the remaining part could only accommodate a plastic chair; which would act as Elena's bed, and a stool that took a table's place.

Elena sat on the plastic chair and watched in horror as Kevo and the lady started making out on the bed. She was dew-eyed; shedding tears had become her night lifestyle.

'I hope you will moan like her mother used to moan!' Kevo told the lady.

'Her mother, have you slept with her mother?'

'If I was old enough, I would have with a few coins. Unfortunately she died before I came of age,' kevo replied.

'What about her daughter? Does she moan like her mother?'

'I wish I could tell. She eats my food, sleeps on my bed and depends on me but she can't open her legs for me.'

'Why don't you force her?'

'She complains of pain. The doctors advised her to abstain from sex for sometimes after a stupid miscarriage. It hurts that I spent on her hospital bills, and I can't sleep with her. I am tired of waiting.'

'Why don't you chase her away if she is a liability and a burden? You can't be staying with a woman who can't sexually satisfy you, unless if she is your sister'

'I will eventually. She is still seeing doctors!' Kevo replied. Despite his hostile tone, Kevo was Elena's only hope. She didn't know of any relative in Nairobi. All her friends had deserted her. The friends she had in school were gone, they didn't want anything to do with her.

The school magazines had her sorry photos splashed all over with the headlines, 'From Rags to Riches and back to Rags again!' The headlines had reached Alvin, who tried to locate her in vain. Doreen had made sure that Alvin was not successful in locating Elena's whereabouts. Efforts to seek Doreen's effort in helping him locate Elena had attracted a very ugly exchange of words that threatened the peace of their union. The following day after that night, Doreen paid whoever edited and took Elena's photos not reveal the exact location of Elena to anyone. Alvin had since given up on locating her.

The room was dark, you could barely see your own eyes. Elena squeezed herself in the corner of the room and covered her body in a bathing towel in a bid to keep her body warm. The night was devastatingly very cold. However, nothing was as devastating as the sounds produced by the woman on Kevo's bed. She was louder than Elena's mother.

The following morning, Elena was awoken by a bang on the door. She had struggles catching sleep the whole night, and when she finally did, barely two hours later, she was awoken by an annoying noise. Kevo was fighting with his night princess.

'I paid you before coming, I remember perfectly!'

'You are lying. I know your kind. You did not pay,' the woman shouted at the top of her voice. Her voice was louder than the hoots from the morning matatus passing-by.

'I did! I think you are trying to con me!' Kevo argued.

'Con you? Did you just call me a con woman?' the lady asked, slashing the face of Kevo with a very sharp slap.

'Ayayayaya! Marion you have slapped me?' Kevo cried out loud. A large gaggle of lazy slum dweller formed around the house, to witness the drama. They cheered on as Kevo was being ashamed just outside his house. Scenes of sex workers fighting house owners had become a common thing in the slums, and on that day, Kevo was the victim.

'I am going to slap you again if you don't pay my money!' Marion shouted back. Elena had heard the voice before, but she did not remember where she had heard it from. She got up from her chair with difficulties and pain. Her legs were freezing and numb. She limped towards the door.

'I don't owe you anything!' Kevo cried again.

'Hehehe, not everything is for free. Omera pay, she is not your sister!' one man shouted.

'He will. He can't play acrobatics on my body for the whole night and walk away free. Drop my payment on my hands rights now!' Marion ordered extending her hand towards a bewildered Kevo.

'I am not spending more cents you. I bought you supper last night and some few bottles of alcohol in the club.'

'Do I look like am worthy your cheap supper?' Marion asked. She punched Kevo on the stomach with the force of a professional boxer. Kevo landed on his back, inches away from the legs of Elena.

Marion lifted her eyes slowly, following a familiar figure to its face. Elena was there, standing face to face with Marion. The last time she saw Marion was in the forest. She was a rich woman that every girl admired.

But look at her, I mean look at them at that time! They had all come from rags, climbed to riches but at that time, they were back to rags.

'Elena!'

'Marion!'

'It was you? What are you doing here?' Marion asked first.

'I should be asking the same question. What happened?' Elena asked.

'Life happened!' Marion replied in disbelief. She didn't believe the state of Elena. A very beautiful lady whom everyone admired had turned into an emaciated girl whom everyone looked away from. Her hair and face that once covered the front pages of the school magazine now looked like spikes on the body of porcupine. Her cheek bones were pointed and visible, her eyes, that once turned the faces of many male students, looked dry, pale and red like a Jamaican weed farmer.

Tears dropped down Marion's face when she confirmed that it was indeed the same Elena that she had shared a room with. She moved closer to her and took her into her arms. The two hugged, oblivious of the confused stares that were directed towards them. As the crowd thinned out, Marion and Elena tried to catch up with each other.

They last saw each other in Thika River Forest. They both took two contrasting paths since that day. Elena had taken a more glamorous path that was filled with fame, material possession and comfort, whereas Marion had spent much of that time locked up in prison. Despite their two contrasting paths, they met in the most of the unlikeliest places, in a slum.

Since she was helped out of the prison by Makokha, Marion had spent most of her time in the streets working as an escort lady or a sex worker. It was from the streets that she met Kevo, who was looking for Night Company.

'What happened to you, Elena?' Marion asked again when tears started flowing down Elena's face.

'Life happened!' Elena replied emotionally.

'This place is too toxic for you.'

'It was my place since my childhood!'

'It doesn't change the fact that it is too toxic. You have a lot to tell me. The last time we met you were dating Alvin. How could he let you go through all these? I don't know what

happened or how you found yourself in such a sorry state but I am not leaving you in it. Grab anything you have, we are going!

'I have nothing else other than myself and my tears!'

'Okay, grab the two, let us go!'

'DOREEN HERBAL AND PHARMACEUTICALS COMPANY, was Doreen's project since she successfully managed to pull down Mr. Nic, Otiato and their narcotic company. Being the only remaining member of Mr. Nic and Don. Mike's family that was still in the limelight, she was legally given the ownership of Mr. Nic's properties. She set up the company, that included a medical laboratory a processor and a distributor in one of Mr. Nic's residential home, the same home where her brother was shot by Elena.

It had taken three months to refurbish and rebrand the whole place. She was the sole owner of the premise, but had promiscuously acquired the services of Makokha as her assistant. The selection of Makokha as her assistant had irked the nerves of Alvin; not that Alvin wanted the same position but he thought Makokha was not suitable to take a high rank position in a healthcare company. Alvin also had issues with Makokha's interiority based on allegations that Makokha was an ex-terrorist

'Makokha helped us to pull down the Otiatos and Nics, without him, I wouldn't have received the necessary information that was sufficient to pull down the two drug lords. The only way I would have gratified him was by offering him this position,' Doreen argued during that heated argument, one of the few arguments that had engulfed their courtship.

'Your company is huge, one of the biggest pharmaceutical companies in East Africa. I am sure there are more positions in the company that you can give him other than your assistant. You have friends in the health sector, Miss Flo and Dr. Martin were your best friends, and either of them can deputize you!' Alvin argued.

'You don't understand Alvin, I know what is best for my company!' Doreen countered, with a harsh intimidating tone.

'The only reason why I am letting you to have your way is because you are pregnant and it is very unhealthy to argue with you in your condition. However, this is not the end of this, we will talk about it when you are back in your perfect senses,' Alvin said bitterly, grabbed his backpack and stormed out of the house.

'That is a mean statement from you. I know you are now going out to search for your former whore. You are not as man enough as I thought!' Doreen replied.

There had been trouble in paradise for a few weeks. There was friction in Alvin-Doreen's relationship. Doreen was accusing Alvin of concentrating much on finding Elena while Alvin accused her of sidelining him from her projects and keeping secrets from him. Alvin was particularly critical of the way she kept secrets from him during the period when she worked with the Interpol before arresting Mr. Nic. Doreen worked with Makokha secretly, excluding Alvin in most of their plans, Alvin was irked by that. Their relationship was soared further by Doreen's decision to pick Makokha as her assistant.

'You know I love you, you know that. My quest to find Elena has nothing to do with love but humanity. No one knows what happened to her or where she is. I love you and take care.'

Alvin stormed out of the house into a car.

That argument had happened a few days before Doreen met Makokha for the first time as her assistant. The two were taking a walk in the giant firm that had made headlines in the national news highlighting the role of youths in elevating the health sector. Doreen's project had already attracted awards from the ministry of health and the national government even before it started running.

They had spent the whole day, touring each department and section of the company, checking on to make sure that everything was in place.

'I think we are ready to go!' Doreen commended, when they finally sat down in the company's cafeteria to grab something.

'Yea, I am impressed,' Makokha replied. 'Our first consignment arrives very early in the morning from Lugari.' Makokha added.

From the outside world, Doreen Herbal and Pharmaceutical Company was supposed to be a medical company that was supposed to produce herbal medicine and pharmaceutical products. Well, that was partly true; however, they were also planning to process narcotics behind closed doors in chambers that were only accessible to the trusted employees.

The consignment from Lugari was carrying cannabis resins that had been harvested from Doreen's land in Lugari. Doreen had 10 acres of a sugarcane plantation in Lugari, a plantation that had been inter-planted with bhang. The plantation was under 24 hour surveillance from a heavily private security officers.

Inside her company, away from the reach of the public, was a special plant that would be used to process the cannabis resins into different marijuana products like over-the counter

medicines, weed cookies, weed reefers and spliff or weed cigarette and pipes that would be sold and distributed all over the nation and outside the nation.

'Producing and processing our own narcotics will earn us thrice what Mr. Nic was earning from his imported narcotics,' Doreen said proudly.

'I never saw this coming. How long had you been planning this?'

'As long as I knew that this trade can make you the richest person in the whole nation. I got these ideas from my dad; not necessarily that he encouraged me into the narcotic world, but I got interested in it the more he talked to me about Mr. Nic and his company. When Dad died, I started laying my foundation for this firm. I purchased the land, secured the best cannabis seeds from Morocco and set up the farm as I fought to eliminate Mr. Nic and Otiato. By having them extradited and killed, I cleared competition. Once we are up and running, we will have a clear market, unless the guys from the coast try to penetrate the city,' Doreen explained.

Alvin, just like the rest of the nation didn't know about the demons that were hovering inside Doreen's company. He was lauded her for setting up the company but chose to stay away from it because of the association it had with Makokha. Makokha's presence in Doreen's life irked Alvin to the heart. Alvin once accused Doreen of spending too much time with Makokha, maybe a little bit more than professional colleagues should, but as expected, Doreen brushed him off as 'a jealousy boy who was ready to allow his jealousy for love jeopardize her company plans and dreams.' Since that day, Alvin had vowed to stay away from her company.

Doreen wanted everything to be a secret, the employees in the company underwent vigorous vetting and training. It was only after the emotional training that the trustworthy candidates were picked, and after being picked, they were briefed of what awaited them. 'There is no room for error!' was the label that was encrypted on every department's door.

Doreen had officially taken over the narcotic business. She had enough manpower at her disposal. She adopted some of the Mr. Nic's employees and resources. Dan had laid down a blueprint for her company.

'When we sell our first products, we will create room for imported narcotics. I want to import raw cocaine from Mexico which I will process into final products. It is going to be the first narcotic processing company, that's from the inside, but from the outside world, we will maintain a pharmaceutical face,' she added as they walked out of the company in the evening.

'What about the boy you are keeping at home? Does he know what you are doing?'

'Don't even dare to tell him. I want him to remain as clueless as he is. I already have what I wanted from him, his baby with his genes. I am carrying a son with his blood and face. If he becomes a big bother in my life, I will get rid of him,' Doreen replied.

'Kill him?'

'He is too handsome to kill. I will get rid of him as I did to his little love girl. She is languishing in God knows where. You once mentioned someone like Marion, is she out?'

'Yea, I secured her release a few weeks ago. I gave her time to recover her life back before we can hook up!'

'Do you think she can work for us? I need a secretary!'

'Yes she can. She is one lady who can work in illegal condition. Before her arrest, she used to own an illegal online brothel. She understand the underground business. If you can assure her good money, she will be willing to work for us.' Makokha explained.

'Can you set up a meeting? I would like to meet her somewhere around next week!'

'Sure, I will!' Makokha replied, as they prepared to depart for their various directions.

CHAPTER TWO

Friday, at night would be a high season for escort ladies like Marion. The downtown streets were parked with men and women seeking leisure and money respectively. In her company was Elena, dressed like she did on the day that she met her dad.

She had spent the whole day working on her body, her hair and face in a bid to restore her old attractive image. She didn't manage the exact attractive image, but she was attractive in her own blunt ways.

'Are you sure you are ready for this?' Marion kept on asking Elena the same question. 'With your miscarriage, and the doctor advising you to stay away from sex, it might be harmful to engage in this at this time!'

'I am ready. I am tired of depending on other people. I think it's time to make my own moves and make a living,' Elena countered, as they approached a strategic street that was hosting other sex workers. The other girls did not warm up to Elena. They were always hostile to

new faces. Elena was still the most beautiful lady on the street despite walking around in a ragged demeanor.

Elena had Marion on her side. Marion offered her protection from the hostile street dwellers. Perverts who frequented the streets picked Elena almost as soon as they saw her, but none of them would afford her price tag. Marion had advised her to charge higher than the rest of the girls who couldn't match her freshness and beauty.

Time moved on, so was Alvin's meeting that he was chairing in a downtown club. He was meeting UON established goons and leaders to lay a ground framework for his upcoming university political bid. The meeting was few blocks away from the brothel that Marion and Elena were doing their business.

A few minutes to 11 PM, as Alvin angled towards ending the meeting, Elena received a customer with the walking style of someone that could afford her services and time. The pair negotiated for a while. The man, build with an ugly intimidating face that was suspended on his giant body was the only pervert that came close to Elena's valuation of her time and energy.

After twenty minutes of vigorous and determined negotiations, and as Alvin turned on the ignition of his car, Elena and her temporary companion made a breakthrough in their negotiations.

Alvin drove along the same Luthuli Avenue that was hosting Elena and Marion. He was driving with his head facing the outside. He enjoyed the view of perverts negotiating with sex workers. He drove on, and as he got at the entrance of the brothel, the face of Elena flashed in his eyes. Her saw her face in a quick flash as she disappeared into the brothel hand in hand with the giant man.

He wiped his eyes out of disbelief, but as he opened his eyes, he came eye to eye with Marion. 'Am I dreaming? Elena and Marion in the same place?'

The more he starred, the more it was clear that he was not dream. He parked his car illegally on the streets as the cars behind him hooted with anger.

'Get a wife, pervert, stop jamming the road because of the street whores, asshole!' one motorist behind Alvin shouted angrily.

Alvin middle-fingered him as he walked towards Marion. Before he got to Marion, a sea of sex workers engulfed him, each trying so hard to sell herself to him. With one thrust, Alvin shoved them away into different direction. They all came back to him roaring with all types of insults and mean words. He ignored them and increased his strides towards Marion.

'What brings you here?' Marion asked angrily. Marion enjoyed a strained relationship with Alvin. Alvin blamed his missed chance to date and bed Elena on Marion, if she didn't introduce her into prostitution, the two would probably be married as other campus couples.

'What is she doing here?'

'You discarded her, you and your expensive whore shoved her in the most deplorable of lives. You dumped her to waste her life slowly into her mother's grave. Where do you even get the guts to look for her after damaging her life?' Marion angrily asked with her hands dancing in the air like a jilted lover.

'You don't know anything, Marion, where is she?' Alvin asked calmly.

'She is trying to remake her life again. Leave her alone. She has been through a lot already!'

'You call doing this remaking a life? I can't believe that you are recruiting her into this dirty shit again. You are wicked!'

'Watch your tongue. This is not your usual playing ground. It is a girls' world. Trade carefully,' Marion warned.

Their exchange had attracted a crowd of idle sex worker. The downtown streets are known for chaotic scenes especially when a pervert and a sex worker disagrees on payment after services. In most cases, the girls' power always win.

'I am unfazed!' Alvin pushed Marion out of his way and went after Elena inside the brothel. The staircases were steep but he ran on them like a sprinter would run on a track. He ran like a mad man, pushing away anything or anyone who was too careless to be in his way.

Elena and the man locked themselves in the tiny room with a single bed. The room was undone with an old tiny mattress that resembled the mattress used by Vasco Da Gama during his Mombasa days.

Elena was scared. Her eyes swelled with tears when she remembered the doctor's warning. 'If you engage in uncontrolled sex soon, you risk damaging your reproduction organs forever. The risk includes and not limited to never conceiving again!'

She watched in horror as the giant of a man pulled down his trousers to claim the services of his payment. He had already paid her; Marion working as Elena's cashier. Elena quivered with fear. She knew what the man was carrying was going to do havoc on her reproductive system. The man pulled a serious face like his life depended on having sex with Elena. He gave her the 'what-is-up-again' look.

'I... I ... eehhh,' Elena blabbered shyly.

'I am waiting for you to pull off your clothes!' the giant said, anger disappointing his calm voice.

'I...I have never... eehh... this is my first.... I... I am scared,' Elena said in a whisper.

'I paid already. I didn't pay for your theoretical, naïve girl. This is not your mother's bed. If you wanted this stupid game, you would have stayed by your father's bed!' the man said thunderously.

Elena pulled her clothes off with hesitations like she was waiting for an angel to save her. Tired of waiting, the man tore her clothes off like an angry wild dog would tear flesh off a desert carcass. He effortlessly pushed her on her back.

Alvin, with a lost mind went from one room to the other causing havoc, pushing every door open and insulting whoever was inside. He cared less, he would stop at nothing until he found Elena.

As the giant went on top of Elena, the door flew open. Alvin stood by the door, sighed and ran to Elena. The giant watched in disbelief, he didn't believe Alvin's guts to push him off Elena. He sighed again, allowing anger to take control of his body.

Alvin locked with Elena, but not as long as he wished and hoped. He wished to hug her forever, however, the giant had other ideas. He groaned as he pulled Alvin out of Elena and pushed him on the wall with one hand. One hand pulled his trousers up as he walked towards Alvin.

Alvin stood up, picked up a metallic waste can on the floor and flew it towards the man. The man fell down on the floor in pain. The can hit his eyes.

'Run away!' Alvin took the opportunity to talk to Elena for the first time. Her heart was pounding hard. She was confused. She yearned to hold Alvin again, she wanted to take him, hug him and kiss him forever, but her anger could not allow her.

'What do you want from again? Haven't you done enough to me?' Elena asked amid heavy sobs.

'He was hurting you, run before he wakes up!' Alvin begged.

'She is not going anywhere!' Marion announced her arrival with a bang on the door. Behind her were two police officers. 'The man paid for the services!'

'He was hurting her, please save her. Police arrest that man, he was hurting her!'

'You are under arrest for parking your car in undesignated place!' the police announced, flashing handcuffs on Alvin's face.

'You can't arrest me! How?' Alvin protested vehemently.

'Are you arguing with the police? That is a separate offense!' one police officer said.

'You have a right to remain silent or whatever you say shall be used against you in the police cell or the police land cruiser!' the other police added, walking towards Alvin. Alvin resisted, pushing the police away like a possessed man. He hauled like a man whose demons are being denounced by a Kenyan pastor.

'I came to take my girlfriend!' Alvin lied.

'He is lying!' Marion said accusingly. 'She is not his girlfriend!' Elena was sobbing loudly. She was confused. Her heart loved Alvin, her mind hated him. He was a mass of confusion.

'Police please arrest the man!' Marion ordered.

'We can talk officers. I have to take this lady away. Please!' Alvin begged the police officers.

'I will offer you what he can't offer you,' Doreen countered, flashing her burst in the direction of the police.

'We are sorry bro, you are still under arrest for trying to bribe the police!' one police replied. Nothing is confusing to a Kenyan police like the one in a situation where he has to pick between a bribe of money and sex. On that case, amid the confusion, they picked sex over money. Marion had invited the police into the brothel to arrest Alvin, in exchange, the police would receive a threesome.

He was roughed-up in the air by the police into a police Landcruiser that was parked outside the brothel.

'Did I pay for this drama or sex?' the man asked, once he regained his sight and balance. He looked around the room, Alvin was not there, only two stricken ladies that gave him, 'we-can-explain-ourselves' looks.

'I am sorry what happened was unfortunate. We are very sorry!' Marion apologized.

'I need my money back!' he announced. Marion and Elena exchanged looks, as if making coded consultations with one another.

'Eeehhh, everything is clear now. We are going to offer you even better sex, I mean my sister is going to give you a night that you will never forget! Isn't it Elena?' Marion asked.

Elena nodded in fear. The frame of the man was as scary and intimidating as the day when she was about to be raped by Otiato's dog, Robin.

'I need money, I need my money back!' the man barked.

'I am sorry I already spent the money!'

'Spend the money?' Elena and the man asked simultaneously.

'Yea, I did!' Marion replied shamelessly.

'It was my money, Marion!' Elena complained with a dry voice.

'I know, but the clothes you are wearing are not yours and the food you ate did not come from your pocket!' Marion replied rudely.

'Enough of these dramas, I don't need anything else apart from my money!'

'She is going to give you the value of your money!'

'It ain't fair Marion, it is not fair. I couldn't be possibly risking my health to do the shit while you keep and use the money!' Elena complained.

The man stormed out of the room cursing them bitterly. He banged the door behind him, clicked bitterly and run to the brothel's administration to render his frustrations to the madam officer that was in charge.

'This is the drill Elena! I am sorry you didn't read it earlier. I feed and clothe you, you work for me. It is as simple as that! It is a rough world my dear, get used to it!'

'At least I deserved a share of the money!'

'Yea, you did, until your dump boy came and ruined the budget. For your information, the police are waiting for us!'

'Police waiting for us? What do we owe them?'

'A bribe. Sex! You boy was spoiling my business. He forced me to seek the intervention of the police. It is the way of the underground world. You will understand it when you grow up.'

'I thought you are any different from everyone. I am not having sex with the police, not with the stories I have heard about them.'

'You will, and as long as you stay in the underworld, you will have sex with every tom, dick and harry, it is our way of surviving. Sex is the only bribe that we can afford or do you have any other option?

Elena sunk her head down. What she had got herself into was not what she was expecting. She regretted not running out as Alvin had ordered. How could she have ran out when jealousy had consumed her body? On the flipside, her heart was ecstatic, she had not only seen the love of her life, but also hugged him. She still had his hands around her body.

Elena ignored Marion's question. She wrapped a jacket on her body to hide the torn dress on her body. It was another time to wait for her next customer. She stood up to pull her shoes on when a loud bang came on the door.

Their time had elapsed, the next couple waited in line for their session. 'Get out already, whores. If you need more time you should build your own houses!' a rude lady outside the door barked.

The underground world, the downtown street was not a home for the faint hearted like Elena. It was a ground for the survival for the fittest. Every day death was reported in the brothels, a street girl killing a pervert or a pervert killing a street girl. Rape was the order of the day, I know you asking how can a prostitute be raped, well, I also once asked myself, how can a husband rape his wife?

Effort by Alvin to bribe the police bore hostile responses. They impounded his car and drove him to central police station. In the cell, he was subjected to the most chilling conditions he has ever experienced. The night was very cold, long and full of terror. The following morning, he was awoken by the egocentric voice of Doreen. She had come to secure his release.

'The next time you are going to be this careless, you will rote in the cells.' Doreen said loudly, attracting the attention of other inmates. She intentionally talked loud to raise the attention of the other inmates to the fact that she was the one paying Alvin's bills.

Alvin lifted his head from his sleep. His head was heavy, his eyes as cold as an iceberg, his hands were freezing. 'Good morning sweetheart,' he calmly greeted Doreen.

'What is good about you spending the night in a police cell and forcing me into the bank again to secure your release? Do you really understand how hard it is to make money?' she asked loudly.

'I am sorry my love. What happened was very unfortunate.'

'Boy child under siege. The sponsor is tired!' one inmate commended.

'What was unfortunate about that? What were you doing in downtown at that time? Wait, I guess you now know where your little whore belongs to, in the gutter, the red city, on the streets.'

'What are you saying?'

'What were you doing in Luthuli streets? Your charge sheet says that you were arrested along Luthuli Street. Do you even know how many thieves roam Luthuli Street? What if the car was stolen?'

'Can we talk about this privately, I feel uncomfortable talking about this in public. Once our emotions are down, we can discuss or I will explain myself.'

'Next time you want to get out at night, don't use my cars again. I am really mad!'

'Why are you making a mountain out of an anthill? I said I will explain myself when we are in the house. I thought you said that everything you owned belonged to each of us? When did it start becoming yours?' Alvin asked. His temper was mounting, but he was restricted by the bars. The huge chunk of humiliation choked Alvin. For a man of ego, Doreen had exceeded levels he could tolerate.

CHAPTER THREE

Marion's house was neatly done. A bed occupied half of the room, a kitchen place next to the door beckoned to be cleaned. The two fell asleep as soon as they came from the streets, however, Elena had other plans in her head. She had had enough of the downtown life, she wanted out of the place as faster as possible. While Marion drove into a thick sleep, Elena planned how to sneak out of the house. Elena sneaked out Marion's house while Marion was deep asleep. She had a few coins with her. She wanted to run away, go far away, but where would she go?

She left with the same clothes she had the previous night. She reached town late in the morning. The city was parked on that Saturday morning. Moi Avenue was parked, painted green with Gor Mahia football club fans dancing around the statue of Tom Mboya, just a few miles away, she came across the white and blue arm, AFC leopards fans dancing to Isikuti

and chewing whatever they were chewing. The city was a blend of isikuti and Ohangla, which filled the air space along Moi Avenue.

Elena walked on, along Moi Avenue, heading toward The University of Nairobi. She had made up her mind to face her demons, to face the UON students in her status.

'I am sure there are a few friends in the school that are willing to take me in. There must be one or two that I helped. If I get a place to stay, I will spend the weekend at that place, then on Monday, I will visit the school's administration and ask to be reinstated back into school!' she thought as she walked on, dodging several hands of hawkers in town. Her head was a swirl of thought. Her mind chipped from place to place, in no time, she was thinking about Alvin.

She remembered their first meeting, it was during the admission day. She was lazily sited on a bench in the admission square when she discovered a boy who could barely take his eyes off her body. She felt uncomfortable because of his persistent pervert stares.

She picked her bags, old ragged briefcase that she had inherited from her mother. She wanted to leave for the hostels when a strong hand stretched beneath waist from behind. She was bent down and didn't notice Alvin walking towards her. She dropped her bag and stood upright. Alvin was very close to her, her ass was one inch away from his body.

She moved away in anger. She hated his presence, but loved the innocent smile on his face. He extended his hands for a handshake, which she ignored. She hated handsome boys that thought that every girl would fall for their charms by a mere handshake.

'I mean no harm, beautiful,' Alvin said, shoving his hands inside his pocket in shame. Nothing is embarrassing like a lady rejecting a man's handshake in public.

While still walking, close to Jeevanje garden, as the pastoral pastors raised their voices to preach to non-interested lovers in the garden, Elena smiled remembering the face of Alvin when she rejected him.

Alvin had stood rooted on the ground, with everyone in the admission square staring at him like a failure. 'I came to help you carry your heavy bags,' Alvin said, trying to bail himself out of shame.

'How much are you going to charge me, Mkokoteni guy? Where is your trolley?' Elena asked scornfully.

'I don't need a trolley to carry a bag with few clothes and a tone of make-up kits!' Alvin replied, scorning her in his own rights.

‘Are you this rude to ladies?’ Elena asked.

‘Only to beautiful angels like you,’ Alvin replied, with an intoxicating grin on his face. Elena hated the effects that his smiles were having on her anatomy. Her heart danced every time he opened his mouth to talk. It was their first day, the day when their sparks were turned on. She still loved him with the same intensity of ‘love at first sight’.

Elena walked on, branching into University Way from Moi Avenue. She walked on past Central police station at the same time that Alvin and Doreen were driving outside the police station. As Doreen drove the opposite direction towards Globe rounder about before she would pick the other lane of University way, she saw Elena, Elena saw her, but could not see the face of whoever was occupying the passage seat.

Doreen scornfully smiled at Elena. Elena ignored her and walked on. She was determined to brush off such people who were determined to make her life a hell on earth. She walked on, toward the University Way Rounder about. As she approached the Rounder-about, Doreen and Alvin were on the other lane of the university way, the lane that borders Anniversary Towers. They wanted to use Waiyaki to their home in Kileleshwa. Elena recognized the car, Alvin recognized Elena.

Doreen’s mind was on the traffic jam around the rounder-about. She hooted terribly when the cars ahead of her were not moving as quick as she would have wanted. The traffic stopped moving completely and they were forced to stop for a while.

‘Open the door please, kindly!’ Alvin asked Doreen.

‘Where are you going? The traffic is almost easing!’ Doreen protested.

‘Just open the door, please!’

‘You will get your own means of transport, I hate your forest behaviors. Who alights from a car in the middle of the road?’ Doreen warned, opening the door.

‘A man that has seen the love of his life!’ Alvin whispered to his ears. It was late when Doreen realized that Alvin was running to Elena. She accelerated as the traffic jam eased, her destination was to park the car around Goethe Institution through the lane that passes between the Anniversary Towers and Kenya Methodist University.

Alvin ran to Elena, avoiding several cars on his way. She was filled with ecstatic tears when she saw him run towards her. Her hands were naturally spread like a toddler that has spotted its mother in hours. The joy in her face was incomparable.

They locked in each other without saying a word, for a minute, as each other absorbed and inhaled the scent of the other. Their breathing was heavy, but their heart felt at ease. It felt like the day the prodigal son came back home, the two had come back to each other. Their hearts were in the feast of love.

'Sweetheart,' Alvin said first, 'Sorry, I failed you!' he added.

'I am sorry, I am the one who failed us. I was mean, I was consumed by the desire of being rich, I am sorry Alvin!' Elena apologized, with tears on her face.

'Don't blame yourself sweetheart. What is important is life and we are back together. I don't want to ever lose you again, Elena. Life without you has been unbearable.'

'I lost the peace of my mind when we were separated. My conscience could not forgive me. With all the glamour and money that I walked with, I still felt empty without you! Please never leave me again.' Elena stared deeper into Alvin's eyes, as if she was searching for an assurance from him. She wanted him to look her deeper into the eyes and assure her that she will never leave her again.

Alvin took her into his arms and looked directly into her eyes, 'I assure you Elena that nothing will ever separate us again!' She kissed her, passionately.

Doreen, was on their case in no time. She had barely paid for the parking fee. The car was barely parked when she stormed out of it across University way, to confront Elena and Alvin.

She pushed them apart, with the anger of a jilted lover.

'How could you do this to me, Alvin? With all that I have for you? You still got the courage to run away from me into the arms of this skunk?' Doreen asked, clapping her hands together like an angrily girl in a Nigerian movie.

Alvin's lips were tight. His feet weaker than ever. His face was glued on the ground, like an indisciplined student who is being questioned by a teacher in the staffroom.

'I am talking to you Alvin? All these time you have been toying with my emotions? Do you remember when you assured me that you were just searching for her to satisfy your humanity?' Doreen asked again.

'The humanity in me is love,' Alvin replied timidly, lifting his face to face Doreen for the first time.

'What? What will this filthy mongrel give you apart from chaos and diseases that she has picked from brothels and slums?'

'I will give him love that you can't offer him!' Elena said.

'Love? Where was your love when you left him by the hospital bed? Where was your love when you chased him from your birthday party like a pig that has lost its way into a mosque? Where was your love when he had nowhere to stay? Where were you, bitch?' Doreen asked angrily.

'I was in his heart, waiting for the right moment!' Elena replied in the most composed way that she started doubting if the words were really coming from her head.

Doreen turned on her, anger on her body. She reached her handbag and pulled a gun from it. Elena was shaken, the face on Doreen meant she would pull the trigger.

'Doreen, put down the gun, don't kill her!' Alvin begged, moving closer to Doreen.

'Don't move Alvin, don't even think about it!' Doreen warned. 'I will shoot her if you make another step! I want her to stay away from you!'

'She loves me more than you do, Doreen, you no longer value me as you used to, that is if you really did value me. You barely have time for me!' Alvin said accusingly. He was worried, he was desperate. He needed desperate measures.

'I said don't even try to do what you are thinking. I will kill her!'

'And what do you gain after killing her?'

'You of course. She is taking my man away. You always spend time in the streets and slums looking for her. You barely have time for me!' Doreen said psychotically. She was mad, wasn't she? Why else was she flashing a gun in the air a few meters away from the gates of a police station? Ohh, I almost forgot that she got a lot of money.

Elena covered her face in her palms, maybe saying her last prayer, or cursing life, who knows, or maybes she was asking Doreen to pull the trigger as fast as she could. A crowd had formed around the Doreen's potential scene of crime, they stood from a distance, scared that maybe the bullet might miss the target into their nostrils. They were majorly performing art students coming from a class in the Main campus of UON. To them, what was happening was a chance to see an action movie in HD.

With a sudden pounce, Alvin swung on Doreen from her back. He wrapped his arms around her in desperation while his legs swum in the air. He was banking on his weight to pull

Doreen down. Doreen shook her body vigorously, trying to misbalance Alvin, but Alvin hung on desperately.

Doreen faded, she was weakening with every second; that was Alvin's imagination when Doreen stopped making motions. His idea was to disarm her. With one strong swoop, Doreen pulled Alvin in the air, Alvin summersaulted above her but still held her hands. He landed in front of her with his hands still clung on her forearm tightly.

A struggle ensued. 'Doreen, drop down the gun please. I am not leaving you for her! I just wanted to save her.' Alvin begged. Doreen took advantage of Alvin's lapse in concentration as he picked up a conversation; she shoved him backwards with force through his stomach. Alvin let go off her hand as he waded backwards uncontrollably. Behind him was a busy road, The University Way, and coming towards him at an alarming speed was a matatu from Rongai; a ganya from Rongai, with blazing music and speed.

'Alviiiiinnnn!' Elena shouted in agony as the matatu hit him mercilessly. He lay on the road lifeless, motionless. Elena's hair stood, so was Doreen's. They held their faces in horror as blood oozed out of Alvin's body at a devastating speed. He rolled his eye like a chameleon, he was dying. He made his last eye-conduct with the two girl, they thought so, or maybe he was just blatantly staring in the empty space above them in oblivion.

The girls ran to him simultaneously, each trying to grasp his last breath, his living scent. 'Alvin! Alvin!' they cried out in unison, like they had been practicing to do it for ages.

'You killed him!' Elena said accusingly. She grabbed Doreen's neck with all the energy that she had.

'You are hurting me!' Doreen choked, but her plea only tightened the grip of Elena's hand on her neck.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Elena, you will kill me. Let me go, please. What came over you, you are hurting me Elena. Wake up!' Marion shouted. Elena was straggling her, in her sleep.

'Elena, let me goo. You are hurting me! I am fading Elena!' Marion cried even louder. Elena was still in her sleep, shouting in anger, she was crying, splashing, 'I hate you for killing him,' all over the air.

Marion was shocked. Whom had she killed? She wondered in her chokes.

'Whom have I killed?'

'He was mine,' Elena kept on shouting, tightening her grip on Marion's neck.

A knock, a deafening knock came on the door. The bang was loud that Elena woke up from her sleep. She let go off Marion neck. Marion was in pain, she coughed with difficulties, trying to inhale in air with pain and tears.

Elena sat up upright on the bed, she had come from a bad dream. She was confused, her eyes darted from side to side as if she was checking for Alvin's dead body in Marion's house. She felt weak, angry and hungry, she hated bad dreams, and I also do.

Marion walked to the door as the second knock came, louder than the last one. She was still coughing. On the door were two police officer, the same police officers that arrested Alvin.

'Is everything okay?' one police asked.

'Yea, we are fine, she had a dream that terribly went wrong!' Marion explain. 'Welcome in!' she ushered them.

'Well, you are two. This will be perfect!' the second police commented, ogling Elena's uncovered body. She was confused, she didn't realize that she had slept on her panty alone. His preying eyes annoyed her. She quickly covered her body in a blanket.

'Why is she covering her body, doesn't she know what we came here for?' the first police asked.

'She knows. Don't worry, she is a newbie in the trade. She will learn eventually!' Doreen said, pulling the curtains of their bedsitter window.

'Where has she been all this time?' the police officer asked while wagging his tongue with lust. Elena was an opportunity to have a shot at sex, as was the norm of the police. Two things make sense to a Kenyan Police, sex and corruption.

'Don't worry about that, did you lock the guy away?' Doreen asked.

'How is he doing?' Elena asked

Elena was considerably distressed by whatever life had presented at her. Just when she thought she got out of the holes, she fell into another ditch. Was she paying for the mistakes she had done before? Sometimes she felt like she was paying for the sins of her ancestors and the whole of her clan; a clan she had never met. Her only remaining clan was Doreen, and Doreen was so determined to kill her than any other person she knew off. Despite all the suffering, Elena never lost hope, she always had a grit attitude on her face.

'I will have her, you will have the other girl!' one police officer, who looked more senior ordered. His tone was half ordering, half requesting.

'That is not fair. Last time, you had the beautiful of the two ladies that we had caught illegally selling clothes along Tom Mboya streets. Today, I believe I deserve the most beautiful of the two,' the junior officer protested, gesturing towards Elena.

Marion pulled her face. She hated when someone said on her face that she wasn't beautiful. She had always suffered from delusional grandeur because she thought she was more beautiful and important than whoever was around her. She wanted all the attention in the world. It's a trait that landed her in fights with other inmates at Lang'ata Female Prison.

There is nothing she could have done, Elena was very beautiful. Even in her rags, away from glamorous clothes, make-up and nail-files, she was still beautiful in her natural skin.

'No, wait for your time. When you become a senior, you will have a right of choice. For now, you eat what is given to you not what you want. Isn't that the underground law of the police?' the senior police officer asked.

The junior police groaned and disgruntled in protest of his senior's uncouth behavior. He was tired of groveling towards his seniors. He hated it, he wanted his own share in equal measures.

'That ain't fair bro. I believe I have licked your behinds for so long. You gotta live that fine girl for me. She is fine man, look at her legs, her eyes and lips. I am not bowing down away from her!' he protested.

'What are you saying, young boy?' the senior police asked. 'I feel insulted when you address me as your brother! I hate it when you grumble like a teenage girl that has been denied permission to go out by her parents. It irritates when you complain sullenly over things that you don't deserve.'

Their fight was an irritation to Marion. 'You guys are wasting my sleeping time. I haven't slept the whole night. You ought to do your shit already and disappear out of my house!' she ordered with an angered tone.

The two police officers, in their own world didn't even hear her words. They were in their worlds, arguing loudly. The junior officer stood his ground, while the senior one was not willing to pull down of the race to sleep with Elena.

Out of the blues, the junior police officer pulled his gun and pointed towards his senior. 'You are not doing this. You have grinded me down for so long with your grimy laws. I am not buying that today. You always take the lion share of every bribe, sometimes you force me to walk home empty handed. Is it the reason why you always have me in your mission? You think I am too naïve?' the junior officer said, malice shining in his eyes. The senior police officer walked backwards towards the cooking sink, next to the bed with his hands raised up.

'Calm down bro!' he said. 'You win bro, there is nothing I can do other than grin and bear with this. You know it is very punishable to point a gun, leave alone use it, against a fellow police officer. Put down your gun!' he begged.

'You have been too much on me!' the junior police kept on advancing towards the senior officer. Just like that, a disagreement had ensued between them. Their biggest fall out started a week earlier in their usual duty walks around the city. They came across an electronic wholesale that was operating without a legal license from the county government of Nairobi. They apprehended the owner of the wholesale who forked out in excess of one million as a bribe. The senior officer pocketed one million and shared the excess of the one million with his junior officer. The excess of the million was only two hundred thousand shillings.

'Last week I alerted you about a deal, a deal that I had been secretly unearthing for months. When the deal was ripe, you took the lions share. I deserved half of the share or even more!' he lamented angrily. 'Give me a reason why I shouldn't kill you right now and kill everyone else?'

'Listen son, this is always the un-written law of the police forces. The seniors always get the lion's share. One day you will become a senior and you will have a bigger share. I went through this under my seniors, but I was patience enough. Your time will come!'

'Bullshit, pure crap, hogwash. What if I die today?' the junior officers countered.

'Were you guys ready for sex or what? I am tired of your sick games. Just do what brought you here and disappear already!' Marion shouted. The police didn't pay attention to her shouts. There were in their own world, a play inside a play.

Elena thought hard and harder. An opportunity was arising. 'As they argue, let me use the toilets please!' she asked. Marion's house didn't have an unsuited toilet or washroom. They shared toilets with other tenants.

'Hurry up bitch. I want this oafs out of here as quick as possible. I am fucking sleepy,' Marion granted her the permission. Elena walked out of the room, in a hurry.

The police kept on raising their voices oblivious of what was happening behind them. It was only when Elena closed the door behind her that they realized that someone had moved out.

'Where is she going?' the junior officer asked Marion.

'To the loo. She is coming back. What have you agreed upon? Who is fucking me? I am tired already!'

'Shut the fuck up whore!' the paranoid police replied obnoxiously. While he picked up an argument with Marion, the senior officer took advantage of his lapse in concentration and let a knife, which he had picked on the cooking counter, to fly towards the junior officer. It ripped through his arm, the arm that was holding a gun. The gun fell off his hand and rolled below the bed.

He groaned in an agonizing pain. The senior officer punched him on the face, below his chin. The junior officer landed on his back against the wall. Marion watched on in shock. Elena was still at the door way struggling to pull on her laced rubber shoes.

'What the fuck are you guys doing? Stop it!' Marion shouted in agony, while blood was oozing out of the junior officer's arm. In immense pain, he pulled the knife out of his hand as

the senior officer walked towards him. He pushed the knife through his leg and sunk it deeper into his flesh.

The senior officer squatted in pain. His junior kicked him on the face from behind and pulled the gun from under his bed and shot the senior officer in cold blood.

'Ohh my God!' Marion yelled in horror. She wrapped her arms around her face as the senior officer fell on the floor. He was dead.

The junior officer turned his face on Marion. 'Where is she? You said she will be back!'

'She.. she.. she said she will be back shortly!' Marion stammered with fear.

'I am sorry young madam, I have to kill you,' the officer said, pointing the gun towards Marion.

'Please don't!' Don't kill me please! I won't tell anybody. I swear. Do whatever you want with me, rape me, or do whatever you want, but please, don't.....' He didn't allow her to finish her plea. A bullet went through her face.

'I am sorry young madam. I can't afford to walk out on a potential future witness. I am sorry,' he said and walked towards the door in a hurry.

Elena heard the first gunshot just as she was pulling on the first shoe. She abandoned the mission to pull on the second shoe and started running downstairs with the other shoe on her hand. The staircases were long. Makena lived high above, close to cloud nine, on the fifth floor of the building.

She winded down faster with fear while carrying the other shoe in her hand. On the staircases of the fourth floor, she heard the second shot and immediately she heard the door open.

'Ohh Lord, I am next!' she wobbled with emotions. She knew the officer would come after her. The officer walked to the winding staircases. From the staircases, at an angle you could see someone in the downstairs, but it wasn't easy to aim at them. He saw Elena running down on the third floor.

'This whore can't run away. I am in these because of her!' he set off to run after her. He was too fast, a young police officer without too much fat was always faster than a girl that had not had a meal for a while and was very sleepy.

That didn't stop Elena; when your life is in danger, nothing else matter in your life apart from your life. Running down a steep staircase with a lot of people using it was not easy, but she

pushed her body, a body that was almost giving up. Outside the building, the streets were very narrow and dirty. She had a very hard time running while objects pierced through one of her bare foot.

Grinding through the crowded street wasn't as annoying as the stench that came from the sewage that had lost its way in the trench and was now using the same road as people. Elena was forced to wade through the sewage, with her bare legs swimming in people's waste.

The police officer behind her occasionally stopped to stretch his long neck in the crowded street to catch her exactly locally. He used his aerial advantage to keep up with her, while she used her emaciated body to maneuver through the crowd. The police was having an easier chase because the crowd automatically created a way for him, out of fear and respect.

Elena moved on, half walking and half-running, depending on the opportunity at hand. Outright running in a slum was like signing a death warrant. Someone shouting 'mwizi' while you are running would activate the murder button in most of the idle heads in the slums. They would swarm on you with stones, kicks and in no time you would be burning inside a tire for theft cases that ninety-nine percent of them don't know about. Chances of attracting a mob justice while running are very high. Why else would you run in a slum if it's not running from the scene of theft?

Having been raised up in the streets, Elena knew the running speed that would have raised the attention of the professional mob justice participant. She measured her movements between the congested blocks of buildings with cracked walls that looked like they were going to give up on the weight of people that stayed in the rooms. The estate was called Dandora. Only people with special abilities survived in Dandora. You had to have an extra-thick skin to survive in Dandora.

As she moved further away from Marion's apartments, the streets became less populated. Buildings were far apart to usher in a massive dumping site. A look behind her, and she had not lost the police officer. He was determined to kill her. Chasing her wasn't equally easier, just like a suspected thief, a police officer was equally an endangered species in Dandora.

A crowd, majorly composed of thieves and thugs would easily lynch a police officer if they suspected he was hunting one of them. The police officer was also forced to watch his movements lest he attracted the attention of his enemy. A police officer is everyone's enemy in the slum. 'The killed my son in cold blood,' a mother whose son was shot dead on a scene of crime would curse any police on sight. It wasn't easier for him either.

The dumping site, the largest in the whole world, became clearer as Elena approached it. The road that led to the dumping site was parked with giant trucks ferrying waste from different Nairobi homestead to the dumping site. With a sizeable distance between her and the police office, Elena stopped to pull on her leg the shoe in her hand. She knew the dumping site posed more danger to her leg than the meandering sewage on the streets. It wouldn't have taken long before she met a broken beer bottle from a pub or a syringe that was used by the rich boys of Nairobi to inject cocaine or heroin into their bodies, or a broken piece of glass that missed the face of a fighting lover and went crushing into the wall of their house. That broken glass that missed the face of a fighting couple, ended up in the dustbin, and it wouldn't miss her bare foot if she approached the site without shoes on.

She ran further and quicker than before. The dumping site was safe, a haven for mad men and women and the streets families, didn't pose much danger. Danger would creep in if one of the dumping site dweller recognized her as a stranger. The hills of the waste and parked trucks made it hard for the officer to track her. Out of his sight temporarily, she picked a dirty piece of cloth and covered her face. The piece of cloth smelled like a sheep beddings.

She climbed inside an open load part of a truck that had just offloaded its waste. The truck had two spare tires. She hid behind the giant tires and covered her body with the piece of cloth. Through tiny opening on the truck body, she saw the police officer looking around in anger. He grimaced in frustration, clicking and talking to himself. The engine of the truck roared to life, and she sighed with relief.

She uncovered the smelly cloth from her head to give her nose a route to fresh air, but as she opened her eyes, the truck stopped and three boys and a girl, dressed in rugged aprons jumped on the truck. Elena covered her face again as one of the three boys sat at the end of the truck started groping the tits of the girl. The girl was part of the four member team that loaded and offloaded the waste into the truck.

'Otis, put off your filthy hands off my tits, you want to turn me on, or will you pay for it?' the lady, covered in grime, asked. She slapped the hand of Otis off her tits.

'How much?' Otis asked. His grotesque face shone with lust.

'You know the price. A fuck during the trip towards the estate we are going to fetch the waste is 200 bob per trip,' she replied, flashing her sagged tits on his face.

'Two hundred? When did it climb to two hundred from one fifty?' Otis protested bitterly.

'Blame it on the government imposing a 16% VAT on petroleum products. The cost of living has gone up and so is the cost of maintaining my body!' the girl replied.

‘Wherever! That is still too much. That is the same amount we make for a trip!’

‘Are you paying for sex or will you will persevere a two-month’s dry spell while you wait for your wife to deliver?’

‘Okay, but we are fucking till we get to our destination!’

‘Where are we going to collect the waste this time round?’ the girl asked curiously.

‘Rongai!’

‘Rongai? Rongai is like one hour away from here!’ the girl protested.

‘Hehe, and we have to pass through town to fuel the truck. I heard the driver talking to the owner. It is my lucky day, you are wasting my time!’

‘You will have to add something, one hour of sex is a very long time!’

‘Don’t even think about it. The terms, as always, has been fixed per trip regardless of the time and distance!’ Otis replied with an expectant grin on his face.

Elena’s heart was racing faster. What if the sex-mongrels discovered that she was hiding inside the truck? She had coiled her body behind a spare tire. She listened as the two perverts went on negotiating for sex.

‘Otis, you want to pay for sex and yet you have not settled the two hundred bob that you owe me!’ another boy joined their negotiation.

‘Come on bro, I will pay you with the earning of what we will receive after this trip!’ Otis replied. ‘Let me enjoy her sac bro! I really need sex or I will collapse the next minute!’

‘Hey, this is my trip last on this truck. The next trip I will ride on another truck that people are willing to pay!’

‘See bro!’ Otis reached his pocket and handed the lady the money that he had earned on their previous trip. ‘She won’t be available during our next trip!’

‘I don’t like your daily lies. Yesterday, you lied to me that your wife needed money for a medical pregnancy check-up, I let you run with it, but not today. You can’t sleep with a prostitute under my watch while you owe me money!’

‘Hey, boy, don’t ever call me a prostitute again.’

‘Fuck off, but that is exactly who you are!’ the boy replied, raising his tone. Tempers were rising.

'Hey listen bro, respect the women of our business. Without them, your ugly face wouldn't have seen pussy in your entire life time. I mean, apart from them, who else would be willing to sleep with your baboon-like and poor face? Jeez, I can't believe you are insulting her while you are the one who slept with her during our previous trip!'

'Listen Otis, I won't allow you to insult me and owe me money at the same time! Pick one thing at a time!' the boy warned, raising his finger on Otis.

'Hey, moron, but that is who you are. You want me to be contented with being called a prostitute, you too should accept the ugly tag. It's your face for Christ's sake,' the girl replied angrily while throwing her hands in the air like a Nigerian actress arguing in a Bollywood movie.

The boy, with his temper high, punched the lady on her forehead. The lady fell down, hitting her head on the body of the truck. The driver sped on along Outer-ring road oblivious of the fight that was brewing up behind him. As he turned towards town at Alsops rounder about, the fight turned uglier.

'Men, why would you hit a lady? What kind of a man are you?' Otis asked the boy.

'A man that is going to hit you right now if you don't settle what you owe me!'

'Fuck off, I will pay you today.' Otis shoved the boy away. The boy responded by punching his head while Otis retaliated by aiming a nasty kick at the boy's groin region. The boy groaned in pain as Otis propelled another flying kick on his chest. The boy waded into the air backwards towards where Elena was hiding. He landed an inch away from the tires. Elena had covered every part of her body.

'Stop it guys. Stop the fight!' the third boy joined their skirmish, as the second boy raised on his foot and walked towards Otis. The truck was approaching town towards a filling station that the driver loved fueling at.

The third boy stood between the two fighting boys. The girl was still struggling to get up on her feet.

'Give me my money now, asshole!'

'I have already paid for sex. I will pay you during our next trip,' Otis replied adamantly.

'You will not have sex until you settle my debt!'

'We will have sex right now. Don't pull me into your debts. My business is independent from your debts. Moron!' the girl, back on her feet was determined to fulfill the demand of her business.

The lady made a living from sleeping for money with different men who worked in the waste disposal trucks. The trucks, usually with tall covered load bodies, provided a good haven for quick sex from the tired workers. She would move from one truck into the other, depending on the demand. She was part of a ring of ladies who made a living in that manner.

Dealing with guys who disposed of waste required her to be very tough, and she was. That kind of life was not a swimming pool for the light –hearted. It needed girls with balls, to stand up for their lives. Elena wasn't those girls. She didn't have the balls of the girl. She wondered where the girl picked up the guts and courage to confront the boy again, especially after the vicious slap she had received earlier.

'I will punch your ass again if you come between me and my debt!' the boy tried to shut her up.

'You won't come between me and satisfying my customer. I am not part of your debt, so let me do my job!'

'Job, hehe!' the boy laughed sheepishly. 'Is prostitution a job? Shut up or I will go back to my threats. This time round, I will keep them!'

'Try to put your filth finger on her again and I will do exactly what I did earlier.'

Otis threatened.

'You think I am scared of you now?' an argument ensued between them again. The third boy came between them and tried to calm the fight down.

The truck stop by the filling station in town to fuel. As the driver stepped out of the truck to talk to the petrol station attendant, he heard an argument from the back of the truck. Another fight had ensued in the truck. An ugly had ensued behind the truck again. Otis and the girl helped each other in inflicting pain on the body of the second boy while the third boy tried to separate the fight.

The driver opened the truck's rear door, tried to shout at them to end the fight but none was having his words. They kept on fighting. The driver climbed on the body to join the third boy in separating the fight.

Embroiled in their fight, they didn't notice Elena sneak out of the truck at a lightning speed. She covered her eyes as the evening sun rays penetrated her face. The outside air was

fresh than the suffocating smell that came from the truck's dwellers. She looked around and saw a police car whose driver was the same police officer that had been chasing her.

She wondered if he was chasing her. Did he know that she had hide herself in the truck? She wondered, squeezing away from his eyesight through the vehicles lined up to fuel. The police drove on to the nozzle of pump as Elena sneaked out of the filling station.

She was in town, finally! But she didn't know where to go. The University of Nairobi was a walk away, but what reception would she have received in the school? She wondered loudly looking at what she was wearing. Tone shoes, which were covered in smelly sewage mud, torn and dirty clothes. She was a mirror of a mad woman, that is how they would treat her in school.

'The Elene of beauty, rich and glamour is now mad and swimming in poverty!' she imagined the headlines slashed on the school magazines if they saw her. She wondered in town with pain and hunger, not knowing what to do or go. Everyone treated her like a street kid or a mad woman. Those who saw her, either changed their direction or ran away. She wouldn't blame them, people in town dress to her standards were always associated with robbery and 'ngeta'.

CHAPTER FIVE

Alvin was flipping through TV channels after a football game on TV. His team had been walloped embarrassingly by a weaker team. He flipped through channels searching for what to view. Doreen was coming from the shower with a head wrap on her head and a white sleeping gown covering her pregnant body.

She walked from the bedroom to join Alvin in the sitting room. 'Is the game over?' she asked Alvin. Alvin hesitated to reply, his head was running from his team's bad results, what had happened in the brothel the other night and Elena's face. He was horrified and happy to finally meet her after a very long time. 'I know a face that has lost hehe!' Doreen added.

'Unfortunately, it is football!' Alvin shrugged. 'Ehh, by the way, I wanted to apologize about yesterday and the arrest. I am sorry, that won't happen again!'

'Wipe it off, that was nothing. I was mad, I said a few words that I shouldn't have said in the cells. I am sorry about. But that is gone now!' Doreen replied. Her black hair glowed under the light from the executive bulbs.

'How is your company coming by?' Alvin asked. His mind was still on the TV, searching for a perfect channel to watch.

'On track. We are already running. I am expected our first products coming out tomorrow.' Doreen replied.

'Wow, that is great!'

'What about you? How is your political bid? Rough?'

'Yea, you know it is a political bid in UON. It is always chaotic. I held a meeting yesterday with my campaign team and we are on track. We are starting our full gear vote hunting mission soon.'

'You have my support, full support. What are your manifestos, if I may ask? What will you sell to students to woo them to vote for you?'

'I will fight for better living conditions in hostels, easy access to school resources and fight drugs addiction and peddling in school!'

Doreen gave Alvin a keen look. She adjusted her body on the coach, like her attention had been arrested. 'May I know, how are you going to fight drug addiction and peddling in the school? I mean, didn't I clear that when I wiped Otiato and Mr. Nic's face from the surface of our country.'

'Yea, I haven't heard crazy cases of drug abuse in school in recent times. But you know, peddlers will soon notice a gap in the school, and they will run to fill the void that was left behind by Mr. Nic and Otiato.'

'You believe so?'

'Yea. I will make sure that does not happen if I am elected. I will make sure that UON is free from substance abuse. Students are choking with drugs every day in hostels,' Alvin lamented.

'All the best. I wish I could help you in the fight, but you know, I just want to concentrate on my herbal medicine company.' Doreen picked a beauty magazine from under the table and started going through the pages roughly. Her mind was not on the paper but Alvin's manifesto. With the first bunch of his drugs coming out in a days' time, UON was a better market to taste his drugs on. 'Sweetheart, I have an idea. Do you know that as we speak, with the scarcity of drugs in the school, students are now roaming the town streets and clubs seeking the same drugs?'

'I didn't know about it.'

'How about, in your manifesto, you promise to build a club within the school premise?'

'A club within the school?'

'Yes, don't worry, I will help you built the club. I am sure if you talk to the Vice-chancellor you will convince him that students will be less intoxicated drinking within the school compound instead of town. You see, according to a report from the police, two girls are at least raped every weekend when they walk back from a partying spree in town in the wee hours of the morning.'

'Woow, that is sad.'

'It is. I am sure the students will jump at the idea of building a club within the school. I already talked to the V.C about this, and he said, it is fine. Actually, the school has been thinking about the same idea. He believes that it will save the students from the chaos of the town.' Doreen explained.

'That is a nice idea. Great. I will include that in my manifesto. So long as the club will be selling only alcoholic products, then I guess it will be a great idea,' Alvin replied, still going through channels searching for something suitable to keep his mind engaged.

'We already have the plan and everything. All I want is you to inform the students during your campaign speeches. It will be a state of the art club with cheaper drinks. The club will also have conference halls, a gym and a theatre room. All these is aimed at reducing the number of students seeking these services from town. It will be a good business but also help to curb vices that follow students in town. The other week, a student from another university within Nairobi was raped and killed inside a matatu when she was coming from a party in town. We can reduce such cases with this club. Most students are holding birthday parties in town, it is very dangerous!'

'Woow, I will work on it.'

'Please do so. You will have the full ownership of the club by the way,' Doreen said, stretching her legs to leave for the bedroom. 'I am super tired, I ask to leave for the bedroom.'

'I will join you shortly. I want to catch today's news cut.'

'Okay, I hate Kenyan news. Goodnight,' Doreen walked into the kitchen to pick an apple before she left for the bedroom.

Alvin turned on the news channel. He was ten minutes late.

'In other news making headlines, police are searching for a new recruit police officer who shot and killed two people, a senior police officer and a University of Nairobi student identified as Marion. Witnesses said that they saw two police officers enter the room which belonged to Marion, who was known for prostitution. An argument ensued between the two police officer over what's is suspected to be a disagreement of love....'

'Jeez, that is Marion?'

'Yea. I know her. She was in jail the other day.'

'Yea. Makokha secured her freedom. Instead of coming back to school, the poor thing went to the streets to do prostitution,' Doreen commented.

Alvin's eyes darted with worries. Just last night, Marion and Elena were working together, and he remembered the dead police officer was the one who arrested him in the brothel.

'I know those police officers!' Alvin commented.

'You know them?'

'Yea. They are the ones who arrested me.'

'You better keep that to yourself. Poor thing, should have stayed in prison.'

'...Police are also searching for a young girl, Marion's friend whom they worked together and shared the room. The neighbors said that they saw the girl, identified simply as Elena escape the house. Police are currently requesting for any information on the rogue police officer identified as Samuel Kipchirchir and the young lady girl identified as Elena...' the news reporter went own reading the news.

'Give me that remote?' Doreen ordered, moving towards the coaches. She picked the TV remote and rudely changed the channels.

'Surely, from watching news to keeping up with the Kardashian?'

'What do you want to watch? That little whore? Hold on first, Elena has been working with Marion, and the same police officer who arrested you killed one another in Marion's room? What am I missing here?' Doreen asked calmly.

'You are not missing anything my dear.'

'Where were you arrested yesterday? I suspected something like this, like you going after that whore in the brothels.'

'I was driving by Luthuli streets then I saw her.'

'Then decided it was right for you to go and have sex with her in the brothel. Does it pinch you that despite dating each other, you've never had sex with her?' Doreen asked with a tone of hate in her voice.

'Why would you think of something like that?'

'How long have you been visiting her in the brothel? How long? Every day? Every night? The evening 'political' meeting are not just political meeting, aren't they?'

'They are political meetings my dear. It just happened coincidentally that I was passing by the street and I happen to see her. She was being assaulted Doreen, your cousin was being assaulted in those places. God knows what else she has been through! Please, help her. I love you Doreen, but please help her.'

'Why? Why should I help her? Have you forgotten what she did to you, what she did to us when they had money? Have you forgotten how she abandoned you in a hospital bed? Have you?'

'I can't forget that, but you can't surely forget that she is your blood, the only blood relative that you have on earth.'

'Who cares about blood? My blood is the baby that I am carrying in my womb. You annoy me with this Elena thing. The next time you are going to follow her, I swear, I will chase you out of my house. I mean everything!' Doreen warned, storming out of the living room angrily.

Doreen didn't need Alvin in her life, with the money that she had, she could live without him. After all, she had what she wanted from him, a baby. However, on the other hand, releasing Alvin meant that someone else would get him. The idea of losing Alvin to another girl, especially Elena, terrified her. She hated Elena and would do anything to make her life very miserable.

Makokha moved inside the basement of Doreen's company. The state of the art equipment imported to process raw marijuana into different products did not distract his head from the death of Marion. He loved her, he did, however it was a shame that she died without knowing his emotions towards her.

He paced aimlessly on the floor, attracting the attention of the few trustable workers working on the marijuana products. His rough nature and hard face was a turn off, no work was courageous enough to engage Makokha in a casual talk. They feared and respected him in equal measure.

Bossing a narcotic company called for someone of Makokha's pedigree, a person who wouldn't hesitate to crush your head if you made a mistake. The workers, whom some had worked with Makokha under Otiato knew exactly the kind of man that was bossing them. Makokha was more ruthless than Otiato. They murmured and whispered to the newbies in the business.

That evening, their first product would be ready, ready for selling and distribution within Nairobi. The void in the market left by Mr. Nic and Otiato was huge, the demand for Marijuana in Nairobi was huge. The few supplier left in the market, most of them small scale could not cope with the demands especially in universities and slums. The prices were high, one stick of marijuana was costing twenty shillings, from ten shillings. A roll, of 100 sticks was going for two thousand shillings from one thousands. Marijuana blended over-the-counter tablets had moved from thirty per tablet to fifty shilling.

'We have produced 5000 hundreds rolls of marijuana sticks today, that will cost approximately ten million Kenyan shillings, one full lorry of weed blended cookies and snacks worthy one million shillings and 100 boxes of over-the-counter weed tablets worthy five millions,' one of the employers reported their week's produce to Makokha who starred blatantly at the file without saying a word.

He picked the file from the employee and signed on it, but said nothing.

'Are, eehh... are you okay sir?' the employ asked.

'Kizito, is me being okay part of your job description?'

'No, sir.. I was just eehh...'

'Make yourself useful boy!' Makokha thundered at him. Kizito, the senior most employee, disappeared with a terrified face like he was not there.

'Sixteen million in one week? This is huge, shit. This woman is the real deal!' Makokha thought as he walked out of the basement towards the herbal medicine production center. The narcotic processing equipment were hidden in the basement, with a heavy door that was installed a password only accessible to Makokha and Doreen. A stranger taking a walk in the basement wouldn't tell if there was a door on the wall.

Out of all the whole production, Makokha was entitled to ten percent, meaning out of the sixteen, one point six million belonged to him. The prospect of making a million in a week's time after they had sold everything made the sharp happiness he felt in his heart to surpass the sorrow he had over the death of his love, Marion.

He walked with long arrogant strides towards the company's cafeteria where Doreen awaited. She was nervous, she visibly was. There first production would determine if her investment was a gamble or a gold mine. The file in Makokha's hand would determine that.

Makokha sat on the chair opposite her in the CEO's chamber, a chamber in the cafeteria that no one else apart from Makokha and Doreen could access.

'I am sorry over the death of Marion. I know she meant everything to you,' Doreen condoled Makokha.

'Yea, it is life. All the efforts I put in to secure her freedom from the jail have gone to waste.' Makokha lamented.

'No, it was not in vain. You did your part. Even in her journey, she knows that there was at least one person who loved and cared for her!'

'Did she? When I secured her freedom, she didn't even bother to come and thank me. She went straight to the streets to sell her body while I waited for her to come to me!'

'A man does not wait for a girl he is interested in to walk to him, you walk to her and tell her what you feel about her. Did you do that?'

'No, I didn't. But she should have just read the signs, you know!'

'You have yourself to blame. You should have told her that you loved her.'

'Maybe if I didn't aid in her release from the prison, she wouldn't have died. She wouldn't have died. She would be in prison now,' Makokha said emotionally. As a man, emotions he considered to be feminine were never allowed near his soul. He never cried in his life, but on that day, tears dropped down his face. He had invested all his emotions in her.

'Stop being hard on yourself. Her death had nothing to do with you!' Doreen said, caressing the hands of Makokha in a bid to make him feel better. He hated his emotions. Their meeting was not supposed to be emotions or tearful, he was supposed to be update her on their first progress.

'Well, madam, I still have great news. I have them in my hands,' Makokha changed the topic of their discussion abruptly. Doreen watched in with butterflies in her stomach as Makokha opened the week's production report.

'Our first week, we have produced products with an estimation of sixteen million shillings. The pure weed rolls are estimated to be worth ten millions while weed cookies, chocolates and other weed blended snacks are worthy one million. Over the counter weed tablets are estimated to be worthy five million shillings.' Makokha reported. Doreen couldn't believe her eyes. Her dreams of becoming a millionaire using her own hard work was coming to materialize.

'Woow, woow,' she said. Her tone was overwhelmed by ecstatic emotions. She wanted to rapture her happy soul into jubilations, but the situation at hand, Marion's death wouldn't allow her. 'This is more than double the estimations we were hoping to produce on our first week!'

'Yea. It is, but that is not the main task madam, the huge task remaining is its distribution!'

'Yea, we have the slums, Mathare, Kibra, Dandora all are beckoning for us. Easteigh will be our main market for over the counter products. I have a distributor in the center of Easteigh who will be buying the whole of them. The cookies, chocolates, and the snacks will be distributed in designated supermarkets and shops around town.'

‘What about the students? They should be making 50 percent of our customers.’

‘Yea, true. They are always an easy market. However, we have a problem. My boyfriend is running for the presidency of SONU and fighting drugs is one of his priorities. With the campaigns atmosphere escalating in recent days, it will be risky to try and penetrate the universities, especially the University of Nairobi.’

‘Why don’t you get rid of the boy? He can’t surely stand between us and our hard work!’

‘Sure he can’t. There is something that I am working on that you don’t know. There is an alcoholic product that one of our men is designing. A beer and whiskey product made from weed!’

‘I have never heard of such a thing! A beer made from weed?’

‘Yea, it will be launched for the first time in Kenya. I have a group of scientists, fresh graduates from the university working on it. Parallel to the beer product, I am also working on building a club within the University of Nairobi. You can now tell where my products will be sold. To the students. Once they have the weed beer, their urge for weed will shoot up, and at that time, boom, we will attack them with more weed products.’ Doreen explained candidly and comfortably.

Her interest in the narcotic world started growing from a simple wish to ‘I must do it’, when she started investigating the dealing of Mr. Nic. One day, while going through Dan’s computers, she came across the model, the same narcotic model that she had used to build on her business. She took the model that Dan was building for Mr. Nic’s company.

Dan was a smart guy, it was from his business plan and proposal that Doreen got the idea of building her business. The business plan had originally been built for Mr. Nic and Otiato. When Dan told her about that multi-million plan was their next project, she went ahead and eliminated Mr. Nic and Otiato, then took over the plans. She played her cards wisely and close to her chest, however, being a drug world, her ventures didn’t materialize without her losing her only brother, Dan.

‘I need Alvin to push through the idea of setting up a club within the university during his campaigns then we can still use him to penetrate our products inside the school,’ Doreen added, sipping a Coca-Cola drink from her glass.

‘Woow, I have worked with a lot of people in different environment, but no one is as structured and organized as you. You know how to move your cards and what time to move them!’ Makokha complimented.

'This, I tell you, will be a huge success in two years' time. The money we will be making can be laundered into the herbal company records. No one will suspect we have a narcotic business going on in our basement. Unless our workers sells us.'

'No, no, no one down there will talk. We have details of their families and the people and things that matters a lot to them. If they try to betray us, they all understand that we will harm them more.' Makokha assured.

'Good, good. I knew I could count on you on everything!' Doreen acknowledged. Their business had picked up on high, she couldn't have asked for better.

CHAPTER SIX

A throng of students stood at the Freedom's corner At Hall Nine. For so many years, the freedom square provided a platform for any student with a political bid. It had a podium from which one would address an angrily or happy crowd, depending on the mood of the students. One was considered a strong political leader in the university if he successfully led students into a strike. The more strikes you led, the more successful you were politically.

Posters had been stuck on walls, floors, trees and everywhere informing the students of Alvin's coming political rally. It was going to be his first political rally.

He sat in the hostel's TV room, listening to different aspirants' campaign, aspirants affiliated to his coalition; The Coalition of Student's Change, CSC. He was the presidential flag-bearer of the student's coalition competing against the incumbent SONU president who was his main competitor.

'Comrades power!' the MC charged the students.

'Power!' the students roared back. The political mood was picking up slowly, and everyone was already dancing to the tunes of political songs.

'Comrades, the man who comes next, has never been new to you. He single-handedly fought and defeated the beast of the school, Otiato who had a gun in his hands. Alvin, as sweet as his name makes ladies wet their pants, he single-handedly rescued a comrade, Elena from the jaws of kidnappers. With the help of his girlfriend Doreen, the two successfully fought the university drug lords, Mr. Nic and Otiato. A few months ago, he successfully led a students' strike demanding for justice of one of us who was killed in the hands of drug lords. Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together as I welcome, his enigma, the epitome of leadership, his Tibimness, Alvin, the leader for students' change!'

The crowd roared loud with the mention of Alvin. They loved him, they loved his courage and charismatic nature, they loved his oratory skills and above all, they loved his will and desire to fight for the rights and well-being of the students.

A way was made through the podium as Alvin walked towards the microphone. The distance was short, however the walk was long. Expectant eyes starred at him, keen ears sharpened their nobs. With the microphone in his hands, he looked across the crowd and remembered a few months ago, he had successfully incited the students to demonstrate seeking justice for one of the student who had been killed and her body dumped along Waiyaki way.

That day was different, the day's crowd was not expecting someone to incite or make them hungry, but they were standing to wait for someone who will promise them change.

'Comrades power!' Alvin's voiced boomed on the microphone.

'Power!' they responded.

'Comrades, when I say Alvin, you reply 'taking UON back to its former glory, are we together?' he asked.

'YESSS!' the comrades replied in unison.

'Comrades, Alvin!'

'Taking UON back to its former glory!' the comrades replied.

'Comrades Tibim!'

'Tibim!'

'Comrades Alvin!'

'Taking UON back to its former glory!' the students replied.

He loved their response, he loved their energy. 'Comrades, in recent years, we have witnessed students' leaders who were hand-picked by the administration. These leaders go to bed with the school administration and ejaculate students' misery and suffering. They take into their pockets a few coins instead of fighting for the rights of the students who elected them.' He paused and starred blatantly at the student's eyes, each conceiving paltry hope on their eyes lids.

'Comrades Power!' he boomed again.

'Power!' the students blasted back.

'Comrades Alvin!'

'Taking the UON back to its former glory!'

'Comrades, the heinous, perturbing behaviors of student leaders going to bed with the school's administration to oppress the students has to come to an end. Our standards of living in hostels is pathetic, the food in our mess is not even fit to feed pigs. The security in our school is pathetic. I miss the old UON that I used to admire. The University of Nairobi that believed in the strong spirit of comradeship!' he paused again, as if measuring how keen the students listened to him.

They all remained silent, didn't move a muscle like mortals. Their silence screamed for more of his words.

'Comrades according to a report from the central police, our dumb neighbors, each weekend, a student of the University of Nairobi falls a victim to a rape case. Our girls are raped every day they walk back to school from a party in town or Westlands. Jack without playing is a dull boy, we need to party and not just to party, but party cleanly, that is why I am working on setting up a state of the art club within the school, If you elect me, our ladies won't be raped in town, if you elect me, no one will die like our sisters Marion and Kiki. I will create casual jobs within the school to help our girlfriends. Aren't we tired of reading news of our girlfriend's dying because they were murdered by rich sponsors? Aren't we comrades?' he asked.

The grins on the faces of the comrades grew wider, their expectation fattened. For a school that once prided itself as the only university with the article 'the', Alvin was their man. He was the man to take them back to the glory day, when being called a UON student meant respect, admiration and fear.

'I miss the days when there was mutual respect between the students and the police. The days when a student hostel was a student hostel and not a ground for military assaults.

Since when the police have a right to enter our hostels and rape our girls? Our girls are our and ours alone. A comrade is allowed to own tens of them, and not allow even a police officer to lay their stupid hands on them. We need a leader who will stand up and shield the students from the oppression of the police and the administration. That Leader is Alvin.

Our hostels have been turned into dens for drug lords, we have become the dumping sites for the rich who make millions from selling drugs to students. I have fought the drugs war and I will still fight if I am given a bigger chance. Every day, the number of school drop outs related to drug addiction is growing. If we don't change, this school will turn into a drug correctional facility, comrades do you want this?' He asked, each students head pregnant with his name.

'Alvin, Alvin,' one student started singing, a slow song that was picked by every students. In no time the whole school was singing his song. He watched from the podium and couldn't believe his impact.

As the cheers, applauses and his songs grew less loudly, a commotion appeared at the back of the crowd. A group of goons, hired and paid by Alvin's opponent Macharia to disrupt the rally, forced their way through the crowd to access the podium.

They were drunk, rough and disorderly. A fracas ensued while they made their way, with students standing between them and Alvin.

'Since when did a first-year grow the balls to address the comrades? Since when?' the senior goon asked loudly. They were jeered on rudely.

'An aspirant who does not stay in the hostels does not understand the problems that we go through in our residential area. Constant black-outs, water rationing and the inhibition of the blood sucking monsters staying in our mattresses. What does he understand about all these? Nothing! Let that shameless boy go and vie for a political seat in those posh universities for rich spoilt kids.' another goon de-campaigned Alvin.

'You are out of your sense, the weed in your head is taking control of your head, probably mad because he wants to fight weed,' one comrade heckled the goon down.

The goon aimed a dagger at the boy, chopping off his one of his ears. A cataclysm ensued, and it was chaotic. Girls screamed in different direction in horror while the boys faced the goons head on. A huge fight followed with the armed goons stubbing aimlessly at the students. Alvin was whisked away, a very strong wall formed between him and the goons who tried to get to him.

He was escorted to a room in hall nine, the same room, coincidentally was his first room in school. It was in the same room that he first faced the rough life of the University of Nairobi, the micro-comrades, loud music and sex, goons and et. That was what he was determined to end, the error of goons in the University of Nairobi. That was what he was planing to address next, until the goons disrupted his speech.

A few injuries were rushed to the hospital, while the goons were arrested by the police who were called to calm the ugly exchange. Macharia secured their release one hour later. They had done their job, disrupted Alvin's rally. What else could they have done? They lived on chaos, they made a living out of causing chaos and harming others in the school. It was their full time job, a profession called goonradeship. A goonrade was a student who had exceeded his four year stay in school but remained in school not necessarily studying but causing chaos for a living.

'Welcome to UON politics Alvin,' Alvin's political PA woke him from his thoughts. It had been an hour since Alvin was locked in the room, his old room. The room reminded him of Otiato, his once best friend turned enemy. The man who took away the love of his life, the man who took away his pride.

'Ohhh, is it fine outside?' Alvin asked.

'Clear. Welcome to SONU politics bro. The SONU politics are more chaotic and ugly than the national politics. We've just started, it is going to be noisy, messy and with many casualties as Moses Wetangula once put it,' his PA warned.

'I know that bro!'

'It is not too late to pull out of the race bro. During last year's campaign, an aspirant was shot at Upper Kabete campus.'

'I am in bro. We can move now if it is clear!'

'It is enough, three shots are enough. He is down and disarmed. No more bullets!' Kipchirchir, ordered the other police to hold back their firearms.

'He is a criminal, he shot one of us!' the other police, aligned to Interpol countered.

'Yea, I know that. But he is down, disarmed. Don't you think it's a crime to kill a disarmed man?' Kipchirchir counter, taking a warning look in the eyes of the Interpol police.

'Okay, arrest him. We are travelling with him to the USA to answer to drug peddling charges!' the Interpol police said.

Kipchirchir gave him a threatening look, like he was going to reap a bullet through his head.

'Listen Sir, this is Kenya, this is our criminal. You left the USA to arrest Mr. Nic, not his associates. This man here is not wanted by the USA government, his boss was!'

'He worked with him.'

'Yea. Where are the documents to show that he is wanted by the USA government for drug peddling?'

'The lady whom we have been working with said that he was Mr. Nic's associate. That makes him a suspect!'

'Go back to USA and come back with documents. Without that, Mr. Otiato remains a Kenyan citizen and will be put in the Kenyan custody. Now disappear. And thanks for helping us to arrest him. The government of Kenya and the Kenyan police will take over from here. I heard that your colleagues are waiting for you at the airport alongside your main suspect, Mr. Nic. Say hi to Donald Trump!' Kipchirchir said, ordering the interpol police out of the room.

The two Interpol police walked reluctantly out of the room. They had no jurisdiction to arrest Otiato and take him to the USA alongside Mr. Nic. They left the USA with a warrant to arrest Mr. Nic, one of the international drug lords that was needed by the government of the USA.

'Okay. It was nice working with you guys!' the head of the Interpol mission said.

'Yea, it was nice. Before you leave, I just have one wish to make. I wish you guys were as dedicated to fight the Mexican drugs lords intoxicating the US youths as you are dedicated to fighting the Kenyan drug lords,' Kipchirchir said calmly.

'Okay, we will!' the Interpol police replied, before he led his colleague out of the room.

Otiato lay on the floor of the room almost lifeless. Kipchirchir moved over to him, while his colleague, a Kenyan police, watched on. He didn't believe the guts in Kipchirchir's face to give orders to an international police unit.

'What will you do with him?' the police asked Kipchirchir.

'You don't get it, do you? This guy here, Otiato, is the reason why we have been pocketing ten thousand every week. He pays us ten thousands to do his drug business. Taking his to the US means we are no longer earning forty thousand per month. The stupid Kenyan

government pays us slightly higher than this. Killing him or extraditing him to US is like chopping off the hand that feeds you!' Kipchirchir explained.

'Are you arresting him?' The police asked. Kipchirchir hated his nagging nature. He hated his nervousness.

'C'mon man. I am not arresting him. I am taking him away. This guy has been feeding me since I joined the police force a few years ago,' Kipchirchir replied.

'The hotel has CCTVs.'

'I know. There are bodies in the other room, dead bodies. One of the bodies can be him. The body that we will pick to be him will disappear on its way to the mortuary. When asked, we will simply say that his crew took his body away and we don't know where he is! And you are not mentioning a thing to anyone. Are we together?' Kipchirchir asked his colleague, whom they had joined the police force in the same year. The naïve police officer nodded his head as they wrapped Otiato's wounded body in the hotel's sheets.

Otiato sat on a couch with crutches all over his body. For months he lived without his memory, but bit by bit, he was recovering his memory back. On that day, he remembered the exact events that led to the moment when he lost his memory in the hotel.

'I was such stupid to trust that bitch called Hebi. How could she be so smart, and Doreen? I should have killed her when she was still a first year!' Otiato cursed angrily. For months, he lay grounded in the room, a month in a coma and the other months he spent recovering from the three guns.

He was on track to recovery, his therapist had assured him that it was just a matter of weeks before he started walking on his own. He hated walking on wheelchairs and crutches.

The door knob turned, and Kipchirchir walked in with a gun tucked under his belt. Kipchirchir had been hosting Otiato since that day. He took it upon himself to make sure that Otiato had recovered.

'Wassup bro, I saw in you in the news yester-night!' Otiato said as Kipchirchir made his way into the one bedroom house.

'Yea man, I lost my head and killed some two motherfuckers!' Kipchirchir explained.

'What happened exactly?'

'Two nights ago, we were doing patrol in down-town. Me and the chubby police officer, my partner. While patrolling, we were called to the attention of a guy who was causing disturbance in a brothel by one prostitute. She was very beautiful. Apparently, the guy had spotted his ex-girlfriend or I don't know if she was his girlfriend in the brothel. So he went to take her away, but met a man who had already paid for sex. A fight ensued, and that is when the girl's friend called for our help. Because she could not pay us, she promised to pay us with sex. The girl was very beautiful man,' Kipchirchir paused to take a look at his face splashed on the front page of a national daily.

'The girl gave us her estate name, house name, house number and room. So the following day, I and my colleague went to her room. All that time, I knew she stayed alone and I was expecting a threesome, but when we got there, man, the angel I had seen in the brothel was there, lying on the bed. Her thighs were sumptuously beckoning me. Then the senior officer was like, I should take the puffy girl, Marion. That is when I lost my head. We started arguing. I pulled a gun on him, but got distracted by the young girl leaving the room. The fool took advantage and reaped my hand with a knife. The gun fell off my hands. While I tried to pick it, he kicked me,' Kipchirchir explained candidly.

'Ouch, that must have been painful!'

'Yea, but not as painful as the bullet that went through the back of my head one day In Kayole. Well, I pulled the knife from my hand and shoved it in his thighs. The fat pig fell on the ground. I picked the gun and shot him and shot the girl because I thought she would have been a witness against me.'

'I know the girl. I saw her face on TV. The poor thing was from the jail.'

'You know her? How?'

'She was my first girlfriend in campus, those days. She was a very poor girl when she joined campus, but she had a determination to be rich. To be rich, she was forced into prostitution, sleeping with older rich men and she even ran an online brothel!'

'Woow, I didn't know that. I shouldn't have killed her, had I known that you had a thing before. I would have just threatened her!'

'You did right, because I am sure, if one day she ever learnt that I am still alive, she would have killed me!'

'Why?'

'A few months, she connected me to a girl called Elena...!'

'Elena? Isn't she the same..?'

'Yea, she is. I fucked Elena in my room. But coincidentally, Elena's boyfriend was my roommate called Alvin!'

'Alvin? The boy that we arrested!'

'I knew it, I knew it. The bastard has never forgotten about her!'

'Man, this story is very cruddy.'

'Yea, it's. Unfortunately the boyfriend found her in our room. I had exiled him from the room. Exiling is sending your roommate out of the house if you have a girl coming over. The bastard was supposed to be exiled for three damn days, but chose to come back after a day. He found the girl in our room and a confrontation followed. At that time I was out. When I came back, I found the girl on the floor. When I sought to know what had happened, the bastard attacked me. He was very disrespectful man. A first year attacking a senior comrade like me is treason. It is just like you trying to attack your senior!'

'I just did that a few hour ago!'

'Hehe, well, this boy attacked me. We fought terribly. He hit me badly, while I too gave him some good beating. The school's security was called in and we were separated. We were arrested. A few hours later, I was released by Mr. Nic and we kidnapped the boy, alongside my boy, Makokha, do you remember him?'

'Yea, I remember the ex-terrorist. He is a no nonsense guy!'

'The lady pregnant with my baby and pregnant with the boy's love, decided to go gun blazing in securing her boyfriend from us. I had kidnapped him out of pride and to send him a message that no one messes with me. I wanted to instill the fear factor back in the students. The poor girl signed to Marion's online brothel to earn some money to help her release her boyfriend. On her first day, coincidentally, she met Mr. Nic, and a stupid necklace on her neck was the reason why the daughter didn't sleep with her biological father!'

'You mean Mr. Nic, the millionaire was her dad?'

'Yes, he was, apparently. They had some tastes which confirmed that indeed they were. Just like that, the poor girl became a millionaire!'

'Woow! This story is more interesting than anything that I have ever heard. What then?' Kipchirchir asked.

'With money, the girl blindly came after me. At that time, I didn't know that she Mr. Nic's daughter, and Mr. Nic didn't know that I am the one who had kidnapped her boyfriend. Overwhelmed by the emotions of meeting his daughter for the first time in his life, Mr. Nic backed her mission. He sent his driver, his own brother to come after us. Before they could get to us, we intercepted them. My boys killed the brother and one of my man went down in that damn forest!'

'I remember being called to pick some bodies from the forest a few months ago!'

'That is it. We kidnapped the girl too!'

'You did what? Men, how do you kidnap the daughter of a millionaire? Like this guy had just met her daughter and you kill his brother and kidnap his daughter? And you still worked together after that? How?'

'Just shut up and let me narrate! Grab me a beer from the fridge!' Kipchirchir walked to the fridge to pick two beers. Within a second he was back. 'A few hours later, with the help of the police, they tracked our location. One of my boys was too stupid to steal Mr. Nic's brother's phone. They rung it and traced the location. I killed the fool, picked the girl and changed our location!'

'Which fool did you kill?'

'You! What did I say? Let me finish the story man or are you going to pay me for narrating?'

'Okay bro. The floor is all yours.'

'The fool was the guy who stole the dead man's phone. He risked our life and I never entertained carelessness! I left the other fool, Alvin, tied on the chair in the abandoned house. The poor boy was rescued, taken to a hospital. In a few days, he sneaked out of the hospital and tracked Marion to Kiambu, where I had planned a meeting with her. No one is as stupid as a poor boy that is in love. He sneaked on our conversation, picked a taxi and drove to Thika forest to save Elena, with the help of Mr. Nic. At that time, Mr. Nic was stressed. He kept on asking me to get back to work but I said I needed a few more days to take care of something. He didn't know that I wanted a ransom from him.'

'Were you going to kill the girl?'

'No, I couldn't have wasted such a beauty. Furthermore, one morning, I saw her do the pregnant women thing!'

'Vomit?'

'Yea. I knew she was pregnant, and I was the father. No way was I going to kill her! I wanted ransom from the father, whom up to that time, I had not learnt who exactly it was. The boy drove to the forest with the taxi driver to rescue the girl. They tried to overpower my boy, but he was too strong to hold them off longer until I and Marion got to the scene. An ugly fight ensued and one of the biggest betrayal of my life. Marion betrayed me to fight for the other camp. She even threatened to kill me, but for Makokha who saved me. Then the police arrived. We had to drive away using the other side of the forest. The bastards followed us again because we had their girl in our car. When the police got in the forest, they arrested Marion who gave them the lead to our direction. One hour later we were arrested by the Thika police!'

'How did Mr. Nic react when he realized that you had kidnapped his daughter?' Kipchirchir asked.

'Man, huh!' Otiato crooked. 'You should have seen his face. We were arrested by the shores of a River. He stood on the other side of the river with the police, whose guns were pointing at us. We surrendered. As we got out of the cars, he picked a gun from one of the police officers, requesting to shoot us himself!' Otiato remembered.

'What?'

'Yea. He saw me, and his face was disappointed bro! He raised the gun on me, but I told him, 'I didn't know she was your daughter!' I pleaded, the only time I have ever pleaded with a man. Everything happened in slow motions, man.'

'Go on man, I am getting a second beer!'

'He cocked the gun and was just about to pull the trigger, when his daughter, Elena, came out of the car and stood on my face. And she said, 'Don't kill him dad, I am carrying his child!' Just like that, he dropped the gun and walked back to his car, alongside his daughter.

'Just like that?'

'Yea, man. I am alive because I didn't use a condom man. Imagine if I had used a condom and the girl didn't conceive? What if I had used a condom and she didn't become pregnant? I would be dead now!'

'Yea. Thank her fertile body too.'

'Hehe. So were arrested but a day later, I was released. Mr. Nic said that our business needed quick attention because it was going down. I was his trusted boy, his partner. I went back to work and Makokha and Marion were arrested as the scapegoats! It was sad seeing

Makokha get behind bars, it was sad even testifying against him, but I had to do what I had to do to survive.'

'Yea, man, you had to do what you did to survive. So the lady who caused the death of my partner is the Elena of your story?'

'Yep, she is the one. The most beautiful girl that you will ever meet.'

'No doubt man, you banged her raw, you are lucky man!' 'Yep. Hey can I ask you something?'

'Go ahead bro.'

'When you met her, was she pregnant? I am aware that there are pregnant ladies who do prostitution in town. You know, there are guys who love banging pregnant women. Was she pregnant? She was due in two months' time!'

'Nope bro. I didn't see any bulge on her stomach!'

'Shit!' Otiato cursed and sunk his body on the couch. Tears dropped down his face. 'Shee got rid of the baby, shiiit!' Otiato crooked again, throwing the beer bottle in the air out of anger.

'I am sorry bro!'

'Where is she? Where did she go to?'

'Not like I know of her whereabouts. She ran away! I would have killed her if I got her, to be honest!'

'And I would have blessed her death. How dare she abort my kid? When am I getting out of here?'

'The therapists says in two weeks times!'

'Two weeks is too much, I want to get her now. She fucking killed my kid!' Otiato cursed hard. 'She just made the list of people I am supposed to take care of when I get out of here; Doreen, her damn boyfriend and now, Elena makes my list.'

CHAPTER SEVEN

'A boy cannot lead comrades! A boy can play with his mother's tits but is never allowed to play for his father's tentacles. We cannot have a first year leading us. A first year who enslaved inside the house of a woman. A coward. A man who cannot lead or provide in the house, how will he provide for the needs of comrades. Comrades, let us all vote back Macharia. The presidency of SONU cannot be equated to the post of a high school captain. We cannot be ruled by a first year! the post of high school head boy, we cannot be ruled by a first-year!'

Alvin sat in the same coach that he liked in the house. He was logged into his Facebook account and was going through a post in the school's Facebook group. He was amazed by the support he received from his supporters and the hate that he received from his enemies.

Stuck in his thoughts, the event of his first political rally still running in his head, Doreen walked into the house. She wore a merry face, a contrast of Alvin's melancholically pensive face. She walked to him with a tight hug and a kiss on his lips and sat next to him.

'You are home very early, was your day fine?' Doreen asked pressing her fingers on his palm.

'Yes!' Alvin replied calmly.

'I have read about what happened and even viewed some videos on the Comrade's Forum. That was very ugly, are you sure you are ready to take this journey? I have been in UON longer enough and I understand how chaotic the elections can be!'

'I am in, sweetheart,' Alvin said confidently with the courage of a boy in Bukusu land that is ripe for the circumcision ceremony.

'I am scared, sweetheart. Or maybe it would be easier for you to vie for the less demanding posts like the congressman or organizing secretary or even the secretary general?' Doreen suggested.

'Alvin does not settle for less. I want the main seat, and trust me, I will win it.' Alvin assured gallantly.

'Macharia, do you know why he sent goons to attack you?'

'Isn't it politically motivated?' Alvin asked. His head buzzed, with past events circumnavigation all over his mind. The whereabouts of Elena, the attempted attack on his life. His mind was restless. He wanted to get out of the house to search for Elena, but Doreen had eyes all over the place.

'Macharia owns a club downtown. It is the club from which most students go partying and drinking. From what I have heard, it's a den of narcotic drugs. A word has it that he is planning to take Mr. Nic's place,' Doreen said emotionally. She arrested the attention of Alvin.

'Really?'

'Yea, you don't believe me? Macharia as the president of SONU earns one hundred thousand shilling, but he rides a Mercedes Benz and stays in a three-bedroom house in one of Nairobi's rich suburbs, where do you think he gets the money? Most student leaders run narcotic businesses,' Doreen added.

After the deportation of Mr. Nic that subsequently ended his Narcotic business around Nairobi, Macharia was one of the upcoming lords that tried to fill the void that was left behind by Mr. Nic. He owned a club in town, a club he used his influence as the president of SONU to convince the students that it was the best partying place in town.

Nothing appeals to UON students like throwing stones and partying, therefore, when they heard of the new partying joint in Town, most party-holics flocked the Macharia's club. It didn't take long before they were trapped in drugs that circulated within the club freely. To penetrate the narcotic world, Doreen had to make sure that Macharia didn't retain his position as the president of SONU, a position he used to impose himself on students. To penetrate into the narcotic world, she had to get rid of Macharia just like she did to Mr. Nic and Otiato. Her first move was to make sure Alvin won the election.

'Actually, I have heard that he is planning to spend five million shillings on the upcoming campaign. It was strange, but I again, it is common for student politicians to get funding from their tribal politic big pins,' Alvin replied.

He brushed his fingers through Doreen's hair playfully. He loved the expensive smell of her hair that gave her an elegant class ahead of the other students. Only Elena would compete with Doreen, but she was no more.

The little money that university ladies earned from a weekend out with sponsors, older married men was not enough to out-muscle Doreen's riches. She always stood out among the students of UON.

'That is a hoax that he is using to fool everyone that tries to raise an eyebrow about his political spending. His narcotic business is his sole campaign bank. If Macharia wins the upcoming elections, he will only increase his desire to indulge in more drug trafficking. We have to make sure that we win this political race to win the fight against drugs in school. If Macharia retains the seat, then our fight against drugs in UON will go to waste,' Doreen explained.

'It is not easy. Macharia is pouring out a lot of money in his political rallies. He uses aggressive goons on substances to intimidate and harass anyone that campaigns against him. Yesterday, my campaign team was roughed up by his much-dreaded goons when they were doing a hostel to hostel campaign in Lower Kabete Campus.'

'You have my backing sweetheart. You have my backing. My dad, working under Mr. Nic made a lot of savings that I inherited. I have a lot of assets that I can sell to fund your campaign. You know what, my first production was ripe today and from my calculations, I am making a big kill!'

'That is not necessary sweetheart. What if I lose the race? Not like I am not confident, but it will be really mean if I waste the hard work that your dad put in to save the money!'

'What a silly argument. My father left behind a lot of money. I wish you met him. He would have liked it. Just like you, he was so determined to fight the drug lords. I even suspect that Mr. Nic and Otiato caught the wind of his intentions then.....'

'Do you think Mr. Nic and Otiato killed your dad intentionally?' Alvin asked sharply. He took Doreen in his hands and pulled her closer to him. The mention of her dad drove her in a melancholic mood. He wrapped his arms around her body as she eased her head on his chest. The smell of her hair always turned him on.

When they were in their best moods, Doreen and Alvin were the next heirs of Romeo and Juliet. Their romance spackled through the house, filling each space of the house.

'Listen, Alvin, sometimes I am a big dick to you, sometimes I have said mean words to you, but I love you so much. One day, I will spend my life with you. Whatever I own currently, is

yours too. My dad would bless this, trust me. He always longed to meet my boyfriend, but when I was in school, boys were my last of my concerns!' she paused to take a deep romantic look into Alvin's eyes. She stretched her head and kiss his lips gently. 'This is partially because I was defiled by Otiato when I was a first-year. I hated all the men in my life. Whenever I was in a situation where there was just me and a man in a place, I would start shivering with fear. I am glad that Otiato died. I would love to know where he was buried. I would be glad to turn his graveyard into my shit yard!' Doreen said with her tone smelling anger.

Alvin tightened the grip of his hands around her body. 'That will never happen to you sweetheart. I will make sure I win the elections to repay your faith and to continue with the fight against drug lords that your dad had started!'

'That's it, love. You have my full backing.'

Macharia was a slim guy with a light skin tone. He walked with a comfortable posture that often-installed fear on those who met him for the first time. He was the longest-serving SONU president. Before he took over power for the first time, a SONU president was only allowed to serve for one term, but he successfully changed the SONU constitution to allow him to run for the presidency different times.

His club was booming with loud music. It was parked to the brim with his customers, mainly students, rocking their bodies in the dancing floor. Drugs flowed freely in the club. He sat quietly in his chamber, enclosed by glass walls. He liked the glass walls because they gave him a glimpse of how the students were wasting their lives on drugs.

His chamber, slightly raised above the floor of the club gave him a perfect view of the dancing floor and the rest of the club. From his chamber, he would pick on the most beautiful lady in the club on any single day, to spend a night with.

Lady students always flocked the clubs to have a chance to spend a night with him. A lady who was lucky enough to spend a night with him would walk back to school extremely richer than she left her hostel.

The table in his chamber was made from a rare species of mahogany wood that he imported from Libya during his frequent trip to the country that was racked by devastating civil war. Words in the Kenyan mainstream media said that he had ties with the former Libyan president, Gaddafi, who funded his maiden political bid.

A bottle of his liquor stood lonely on the table with a glass of ice cube keeping it company. He loved Ciroc, he loved the class and the respect that came with drinking the classy whiskey. Ladies who spent a night with him always boasted to others how he had treated them with a glass of Ciroc. The desire and allure to taste Ciroc were one of the reasons why the girls came to party in his club.

He sat in his chamber, his legs crossed in the most comfortable posture. Someone knocked on the door, it was his PA. A man he paid so dearly to smear political propaganda on his social media accounts and especially on the Comrade's Forum. He beckoned him inside.

'What is it, bro?' Macharia asked loudly, to match the loud music of the club.

'A UON student has been raped in a club around the Garden Estate, according to the reports circulating around social media and especially the UON's comrades' Forum Facebook group,' the PA reported, displaying in Macharia's face a blog post of the story.

Macharia went through the first three sentences of the blog, then in his pompous tone, he asked, 'And what now? Am I her mother? That is probably a loose girl who joined a man on a drinking table. After drinking his money, she refused to give him what he bought alcohol for. Maybe the man forced her to give what he had paid for. It happens a lot,' Macharia played down the weight of the blog.

'Listen, boss, this here is a juicy story that can give you a few more votes. We can ride with the story you know, to work in our favor. First thing, we need to condemn the incidence on social media and promise to fight for the justice of the lady. This story has already got the emotions of the students flying beyond the normal level,' his PA tried to convince him.

Macharia loved Isaak because of his ability to turn a misfortune into an opportunity, He was very wise, a great writer and an orator whom he had trusted with the running of his social media accounts.

Macharia tapped Isaak on the back as was his norm when he had agreed with his suggestion. 'Mhh, you should have done that like yesterday, Isaak. You know better what's good for us.' Macharia said.

Isaac nodded his head in excitement. The pride he walked with, with the tag of the SONU president's PA was bigger than his tiny head. 'Yes boss, I will do my best!' He assured and turned to walk outside the chamber.

Macharia held his back, and pulled his head next to his ears, 'Make sure your mention a demonstration in your posts. I have seen a girl, a very beautiful on table 25, I would do with

her company tonight,' Macharia whispered in his extremely large eyes. He had a tiny head with large ears that gave him the face of a mickey mouse.

'She walked in with a boyfriend, unfortunately!' Isaak replied with fear. One of the natural natures of a drug lord was to always strike fear in both your enemies and close allies. Macharia had an intimidating demeanor that scared even his immediate allies like Isaak.

He pulled Isaak closer to him, close enough that his mouth and Isaak's earlobe were in touching distance. 'I told you this club is mine, I own it. I worked hard for it. Therefore, anything and anyone that walks inside here is mine. They belong to me; do you get that?'

'Yes, sir!' Isaak replied timidly.

'Okay!' Macharia resumed his comfortable nature. 'I want her company tonight!' he added, then let his head ago slowly.

Isaak was shaken. He was sure the lady was not a UON student. The lady, in her mid-twenties, was a lawyer who worked in a firm that was owned by the father of the same boy that she accompanied to the club. A conflict of interest, a clash of ego was brewing up.

Club Comrades was the name of Macharia's club.

Isaak made several scared routes next to the table. From his gatherings, the lady was not a student and was just in the club to have fun or party with his rich boyfriend. They had money, he could tell from the kind of the drinks that they ordered.

He was scared. In most cases, approaching the girl who was rich, and not as vulnerable as the poor UON female students would lead into a confrontation or sometimes an ugly fight. A club always was a den of fights. Having worked for Macharia, he had experienced those kinds of fights, and nothing scared him more like drunkards flying bottles and fists in the air. A stray bottle can knock the life out of your body.

Did the girl really know who Macharia was? Isaak wondered. He sighed with courage and walked towards the table and shyly tapped on the shoulder of the girl. Normally such a move can draw a defensive reaction from the boyfriend. The girl turned to face him with a shocked face, she was the kind of the girl who found offense in such taps. It has always been disrespectful to tap a lady from her back.

'How can I help you?' she asked with raised eyebrows. Her face had different layers of makeup. She was dressed in a short skirt with a slit that traveled as far as her groin region. Her thighs were heavenly and thick. Isaak, at that moment, understood why his boss chose the girl, he liked thick ladies.

Isaak thought for a second. How was he going to tell a girl with a boyfriend that another man needed her company? How will the man react?

'Speak up boy! Don't you see we are having a moment with my girl? Speak up. What brings you here!' the boyfriend crooked with a rough voice. His eyes were red like pepper. He was built.

'Eeeh....' Isaak scratched the back of his head like he was rattling his brains to come up with an answer that would save his jaws from a potential blow. 'The owner of the club wants to have a moment with your lady!' he finally said, feeling lighter on his chest like he had dropped a sack of maize from his head.

'You said?' the boy asked angrily. 'What did you say, boy?'

'The...eehh... the... You know. I am just a messenger, and the kind of our species are never killed!'

'Sometimes messengers are killed to send a message to whoever sent them!' the boy replied, massaging the neck of his beer bottle.

'You know, the thing is, the manager and owner of this club is a very rich man if you don't know him. He is a very powerful person in Nairobi and very rich. So, I would advise you to be very careful with what you do next!' Isaak warned his eyes fixed firmly on the beer bottle that the boy was massaging. A flying beer bottle can be as fatal as a bullet.

'Powerful? Do you have any slightest idea who I am?'

'Did you say he is powerful and has a lot of money? The owner of this club wants to talk to me?' the girl asked.

'Yea. He can make you richer than your boyfriend does. He owns this club and other companies and real estate's properties in Nairobi! He is a young tycoon.' Isaak explained with a lighter heart. The lady was buying his idea, she was already dancing to the tunes of money. Her eyes were monetized, she loved the highest bidder. She loved the man with the highest bid.

'Bro, get out of here before I break this bottle on your shapeless head and chop off your big ears with the broken glasses,' the boy warned, getting up from his chair.

'If I were you, I would think carefully about the next move I will make. There are merciful people watching us.' Isaak warned. The boy looked around, his eyes met the waving arms of two club bouncers.

'Where is he? Your boss, where is he?' the girl whispered in the ears of Isaak.

The boy was shocked! He shifted his eyes from Isaak to the lady. He searched her eyes intuitively. 'What? Barine, what are doing?'

'What else am I doing? Going to meet the rich guy!' the Barine replied, tucking her handbag under her arms.

'What about me?'

'What about you?' she asked. Isaak pulled her chair back in disbelief. He didn't believe how easy she bought the money idea.

'Never underestimate how materialist a Kenyan lady can be. It doesn't matter whether she has the money or not, she would always move to the richest bidder,' Isaak thought as the boy held the hand of the girl.

'You just can't leave me. You are my girlfriend, does that mean anything to you?' he asked.

'A few minutes ago, you were. A few minutes ago, it made sense to me when you said that you were my boyfriend. Not any more' she replied rudely.

'What!'

'Bro, let the girl be. Work harder maybe you will have a chance to roam around with her. Thanks for bringing her to us, enjoy your beers, shall you?' Isaak asked gallantly.

Overpowered with anger, the boy punched Isaak right on his ears. The bang of his fist on Isaak eardrum produced a deafening sound. Isaak lost his balance, falling on the table that stood next to them. He had received several of such punches in his line of career.

Being the PA of a drug lord sometimes needed an extra-thin layer of skin.

'Why would you punch him? He is just a messenger.' the girl shouted. The scuffle had attracted the attention of several people in the club including bouncers. The boy caused a rumpus with his loud cursing and angry tone. He cursed Barine, calling her all means that would describe her action. The laughable rant of his angry tirade was when he said that he will ask his father to fire Barine from his law firm. Barine chuckled lightly, brushing off his threats. 'Run baby run, run to your father's pants and complain to him. Make sure you remind him to change your diapers!' Barine lambasted him. Two bouncers walked towards him in their usual marauding steps and angry faces. They roughed him out of the club while the students cheered on.

Barine helped Isaak to get back on his feet, he was in pain. 'I am sorry, forgive the spoilt kid. He stole his father's money to get me here, and even so, it was not enough to take care of me for a night!'

'Augh,' Isaak grunted in pain, 'thanks for making my work easier, my boss will make you even happier without stealing anyone's money,' he added.

'Where is he?' Barine asked with very keen eyes. Her eyes darted restlessly as she looked around the club to locate the owner of the club. Then she saw the glass cubicle. Macharia raised his glass in the air with a calm face. Without a word from Isaak, the girl walked hurried towards the cubicle. Her loose buttocks shook vigorously and loosely as she walked towards the cubicle.

As she walked closer to the cubicle, his face became clearer and clearer. He was the exact face that Doreen had described to her. 'With your beauty, it won't be long before he comes for you,' she remembered Doreen's assurance. 'Any information on him, I will give you fifty thousand shillings!'

'You are not a student, right?' Macharia asked amorously. His eyes, as usual, were amatory as was their nature when he was close to a girl. He leaned back on his chair, beckoned Barine to sit on his laps.

She walked to him, her eyes full of resentment for a man whose life was to grandeur for his ugly face. She hated men who used the money to get women, but she liked money.

'Yea, I am not. I am an alumnus of the great university of Nairobi,' she whispered in his ears. 'I know who you are, the president of SONU at any point of time is as famous as any politician.' she replied. Like a pole dancer, she wined her body in slow motions on his laps.

'Mmmhh, you are more than I have ever seen. You strike me as a woman on a payroll?'

'Payroll? No, I am an intern at a law firm in Nairobi. I am not yet on a payroll, but I wouldn't mind being soon.'

'Well, you don't strike me like a girl who sexes for money.'

'Yea, I like you that is why I am here. Tell me which girl would resist a wise student like you?' Barine lied.

Macharia had doubts in her. Something was very strange about her. Her dress code was a class above the normal student's dressing code. Her make-up was of an exorbitant class.

Her wines on his laps intensified. Her soft bum turned him on. 'Maybe we should go to my place.' He whispered.

'Sure!' she replied.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Otiato wheeled his wheelchair towards the sitting room. The morning sky was very clear a gay touch. Otiato opened his lazy eyes to usher in another day of the much-dreaded physical therapy. His doctors said he ought to be patient, he was almost there, but patience had never been Otiato's cup of coffee. He hated lazying around without doing anything.

Kipchirchir was already up. He was watching the morning news on a national Television with a cup of tea resting on a stool next to him.

'You are up very early today bro!' he said when he saw Otiato wheel towards the sitting room.

'You are in uniform, are you going out?'

'Yea, going to work!'

'Work? Are you insane? You are a wanted man, police are searching for you bro!'

'Who are the police? I am the police bro. What you saw on TV is the normal noise by the hornbill githeri media,' Kipchirchir replied confidently. He fastened his belt, tucked his shirt, pulled on his police cap and took the last sip on his cup of tea.

Otiato struggled to get out of the wheelchair into the coach.

'Does it mean that you still got your job?'

'No. What I mean is, I still have the police uniform, the gun, and the budge. I can be the Waiganjo of our generation. I have to eat and pay bills!' Kipchirchir walked out of the house.

Nairobi city was weirdly very hot. The city as always was a confusion of people going about their different hustles. One of those people was Elena. She had spent a few days on the streets, mostly hiding and dodging the people that could recognize her face.

She walked drearily along Utalii Street with slow draggy steps. She was angry and thirsty. She had not had food for two days. Her last meal was a piece of pizza she had picked in the dustbin. The life she had made her understand why the street kids begged, she understood why the street kids made everyone their 'uncle' and 'aunt'.

She wanted to stop everyone on the street and make a fervent beseech to whoever cared to help her or give her food or money. But the pride in her wouldn't allow her to beg on the street, a daughter of a millionaire can never beg.

Elena had options, options to seek refuge in school, but she was scared of what would be written of her, what would be talked of her. What about Alvin? She had wondered, but Alvin was married to her cousin, a cousin that hated a lot.

On her way to the central park, a place she had made a home for days, she stopped by a low-class hotel just opposite Utalii hotel. The hotel to its standards didn't attract the people who sat at the top of the food chain. The aroma from the hotel rattled the hunger enzymes in her stomach.

She peeped through the hotel, it was almost empty. She walked in and sat at a deserted table far away from the view of most customers. The waiters and waitresses stared at her suspiciously. Despite being a low-class hotel, they had standards, they didn't attract people of Elena's standards.

She resembled a street kid, well, that is exactly who she was for a few days.

She sat at the table and kept herself busy, reading the menu booklet. What did she want to take? She reminisced the old rich days when she would arrogantly order the waiters and waitresses around, especially if they took a second to service her.

The waiters and waitresses in the hotel looked at her, each so reluctant to serve her. They knew the people of her type, they barely paid for their bills. Serving a person who doesn't pay bills in a hotel sometimes forced the waitresses and waiters to shoulder the weight of settling the customers' bills. In their eyes, Elena didn't strike them like a customer to tip them off.

One bold waiter, attracted to her scum coated beauty on Elena's face walked to her table. She lifted her sunken eyes and stared at the waiter like a dad would if you walked to him while he was reading a newspaper. She faked arrogant eyes to massage fear out of the boys.

'What will you have madam!' the waitress asked.

'Three chapatis and mix!' she replied.

'Will you pay?' the boy asked.

'Do I look like a fool to enter a hotel without money? That is very disrespectful of you. Which school did you attend your hospitality classes? Did they really teach hospitality or hostility?' she asked accusingly.

The boy liked her command of the queen's language. Her language betrayed her appearance.

'I am sorry, madam, the way you look, you don't depict an image of someone capable of paying the bills!' the waiter replied observantly.

'Fuck you, ugly boy! I am an environmental activist. I am coming from a demonstration in Ruaraka, we have been demonstrating over an illegal encroachment of forest land by a very prominent leader. I have been out there fighting for your rights to have rain and you are here demeaning my appearance? Don't you watch TV boy?' Elena asked louder, attracting the attention of few stares in the hotel.

'I am sorry, tone down, please. I am just concerned. If you don't pay, my salary will be slashed,' the waiter pleaded with an embarrassed eye.

'Get my food!' she ordered.

The boy walked away from her table toward the kitchen.

For a moment, an air of grandeur swirled around her body. In a long time, she possessed the power to order someone around. She smiled from within. Her heart glistened with splendor and joy. She sharpened her appetite and drooled over the aroma of the food on the plate as the waiter walked towards her.

'Thank you very much,' she gratified the waiter and attacked the food with the appetite of a hyena on a desert carcass. The waiters watched her eat with disbelief. They kept on pulling their lips towards her as they whispered amongst each other. Elena cared less, a feeding lion is never fazed by the laughter of a hyena passing by.

She shoved the chapatis in her mouth in heavy chunks. Midway through the meal, she summoned the waiter to her table and ordered him to serve her with water. She made sure she was rude on him for trying to embarrass her.

After the meal, she again summoned the waiter over to hand her a can of tooth-pick that was only a table away. She was full, her stomach was. The warms in her stomach swum with excitement in chine of chapati and mix. She sat back, her back resting on the chair like a boss.

The waiter walked to her with the bill in his hands. He handed her the bills and cleared the table. A few seconds, he came back with the face of an auctioneer.

‘Are you paying the bills?’ he asked.

‘Can’t I have an easy digestion without you nagging me? I moving around would disturb the warms in my stomach. Take a seat and wait!’ she joked.

‘Okay!’ The hotel was almost empty. With few people to serve, the boy afforded the time. He sat next to Elena. All the time, he remembered the rules of the hotel, ‘if a customer fails to pay, whoever served him or her, will shoulder the cost of the bills!’ The waiter was already shouldering two bills, adding more would mean his slim salary would be reduced to pennies.

Thirty minutes later, Elena fell asleep on the same seat that that had fed her. The waiter was losing his head, ‘waiting for bills’ was not part of his job description. He had other duties to take care of in the hotel, like waiting for a potential customer with a philanthropic heart who pays for the food in time and tips the waiter.

Kipchirchir roamed in the middle of the city confidently without a blink in his eyes. He cared less that he was a wanted man. Kenya was his home and Nairobi was his catchment area. He walked with people, through people and past people without any fear. He was dressed in a police attire, why else would he be scared when the law of nature stipulated that it was the duty of the citizens to be scared of men in the blue uniform.

Photos of him had been making circulations all over the social media with a ‘wanted man’ tag with a heavy bounty of one million to whoever would disclose to the police the whereabouts of an armed rogue police. He was well aware of this, but he cared less, especially with the ignorance nature of Kenyans. Is it really ignorance or defiance? Kenyan

citizens have sharpened the attitude of we care less to an extent that they would host a most wanted terrorist in their midst without reporting them.

He walked boldly, sometimes staring right on the eyes of glaring CCTV cameras on the streets and different buildings in the CBD. Like the eyes of the citizens, the CCTV cameras were either blind or turned a blind eye on one of the most wanted criminals in the country at that time. He had gone at large with a police gun and uniform after abandoning the police vehicle a few miles from the CBD.

Just like any other hardworking Kenyan citizen, Kipchirchir had to make a living. On that day, he had made three arrests in the middle of the CBD. He released the three culprits after each parted with one thousand shillings as a bribe. Just like any other police officer, he was restoring peace and order in the society.

He walked along Utalii Street, just past mid-day when the heat from the sun was devastating. He walked in a hotel, the same hotel that Elena was sleeping. As hard-working Kenyan police, he had to eat. He could not afford upper-class hotels installed with CCTV, that was one careless move he was not willing to make.

He occupied a table in the corner, far away from Elena who had covered her face on the table.

He ordered for his dish, and as he ate, the waiter sitting next to a sleeping Elena lost his mind. He needed to do other things. He tapped her head lightly. Elena lifted her sleepy head. She looked around, but her blurred brain could not paint the exact image of the police officer. She turned to the waiter with a stunned face; 'what is it?' she asked, rubbing her eyes to clear her eyesight.

'Madam, we don't offer sleeping services in this hotel. Please pay your bills before the manager walks in!' the boy requested. The stun on Elena's face darkened like someone who didn't know what was going on or who was talking to her.

'Madam, pay your bills!' the boy repeated himself.

'Sorry, I honestly don't have the money to pay!' she replied calmly.

'What are you saying?' the waiter asked angrily. He walked and rested his hands on Elena's table and glared her in the eyes with red eyes. His eyes breathed fire like a dragon. She looked away out of fear, she was scared. She relaxed back on the chair in a resting posture and held her hands on her face poignantly.

'Do whatever you want to do. I couldn't have died of hunger and there was food in the hotel.' Elena said.

'The food in the hotel is only available on bills!' the waiter bemoaned. 'Do you know how much of my salary is going to be deducted because of people like you who can't settle bills?'

'At the entrance, I read a poster that said, "welcome all for delicious meals", maybe if your hotel specified that the delicious meals walk with bills, I would have paid. Well, I don't have any money with me, sorry!'

'Why are you doing this to me?' the waiter asked with deep sad voice.

'When you grow up and spend four days without eating, you will understand why I ate in a hotel without paying,' Elena replied, barely lifting her face from her dirty feet.

Her shoes had lost their shape and color. Her feet were covered in dust that had become a part of her skin. A skunky smell was already sneaking from her groin region and her armpits. A nightmare stared her from two days away. It was approaching a date on the calendar when she was supposed to take three showers per day. Without no money to afford a sanitary towel, she wondered if she would shop-lift one on the street. She wondered how the girls who lived on the streets afforded the essentials that every woman needed every month.

If she lived on the street longer to shoplift a sanitary towel depended on the decision Kipchirchir was going to take after her image flashed in his face. He thought for a while, then walked towards Elena.

Elena lifted her face and saw him approach her in slow strides. She quickly got up on her feet and started walking away in the other direction. The waiter grabbed her forcefully. She kicked him on the inner thigh, just a few inches from his balls.

He let go of her hand.

'Police, freeze!' Kipchirchir announced pointing his gun on her. She froze as the police had directed. Kipchirchir walked towards her in his leisure strides. She watched him from the corner of her eyes, which she had rolled like a chameleon.

The waiter found his feet after the devastating kick that threatened to destroy his future generation. 'Arrest her!' he called out. His voice was a blend of anger and pain. He wanted a chance to hit back at her.

'Shut up boy, I got this!' Kipchirchir ordered. He shoved his gun back into his belt. Elena, unexpected picked a salt tin from the table and poured the salt into the Kipchirchir's face.

She made for the door, but the waiter was too fast and agile for her. He swung on her back and brought her down with a thug.

She groaned in pain. 'You can't refuse to pay your bills and evade the police at the same time. Choose one, either pay your bills or spend time behind bars!' the waiter said.

Kipchirchir opened his eyes after wiping crystals of salt from his eyes. Lucky bastards, the crystals didn't penetrate into his eyes. He walked towards Elena angrily. He wanted to shoot her, if he were still a police officer, he would have been justified to kill her for attacking him; not justified by the law but by his pride and joy that would have clouded his desire to assert his authority on her.

He picked her from the ground and angrily kicked the waiter from his way, maybe as a way of easing his frustration. He pushed her out of the hotel without saying a thing. Outside the hotel, he let go of her hands warning her not to try anything silly again. Walking with her would have attracted the attention of people on them. He chose to walk next to her. He hired a taxi that was parked a few blocks from the hotel.

'Drive us to Drive inn, opposite Survey. I have a suspect whom I am supposed to search into her house. She has been running away from the police officer for a while now,' Kipchirchir ordered the taxi driver. Naturally, taxi-drivers in Nairobi disliked police officer because the police never paid the taxi-fee. They would drive away in protest when a police officer approached them.

That particular taxi-driver didn't have a choice when Kipchirchir approached him. His car had a broken windscreen.

Thirty minutes later, the taxi driver was driving through a congested estate of tall rental houses. Elena looked on with weary eyes. Her eyes were glued outside. She had not had decent sleep since she moved into the streets. She could not, with city demons hovering all over the city looking for vulnerable girls like her to waste their lives with. She stared into the blank space. Her mind was a cloud of nothing.

'Two blocks away!' Kipchirchir directed the taxi-driver with a calm but authoritative tone.

'Okay, sir!' the taxi-driver nodded in approval. Maneuvering through the crowded way was harder. The lane was narrow and congested. Two blocks away, he parked outside a tall-blue apartment with a black gate. It was the only decent apartment in the hood.

'You are coming with us!' Kipchirchir said.

'Me?' the driver asked.

'Who else? Definitely you!' Kipchirchir replied getting out of the car. Without asking any further questions, he obliged and followed the police and Elena into the building. Elena had lost all the hope she had in life. She had given up on life, and she would go whenever life wanted her to be.

Otiato was in the room going through his daily therapy under the guidance of his therapist. As usual, the exercises were heavier and painful, but each day he was coping. He had a loop resistance band around his laps with his legs stretched apart.

Standing up on his own strained his veins, the therapists helped him during the therapy. 'Shit man, this shit is painful!'

'It should be, it is just a matter of time before you get back on your feet!' the therapists said.

'I hate that song. It is becoming very boring!'

'What song?' the therapist asked with shock. There was no song playing anywhere in the house.

'Your song, "it is just a matter of time". You have been saying that for weeks now, but it's the same old damn thing every day. Pain. It is like you are mocking me!'

'Mr. Otiato, a therapist does not mock. He helps you heal your body. You have to believe in your body, in yourself, me and importantly God! You can't tell the progress you have made in your body, but I can. I am an expert and I can tell you without lying that it's just a matter of time.' the therapists explained, helping Otiato stretch his leg out.

'You better be saying the truth man, or else you will also make the list of people that I am supposed to kill when I finally get out of here!' Otiato said, with pain in his voice.

'I can't believe that you are threatening a doctor man! You don't wanna play the killing game with a doctor, because he will win any day any time!' Kipchirchir announced his presence. Otiato barely lifted his head to look at him. He kept on squatting with his head glued on how his muscle moved laboriously. Each minute he was finding the therapy onerously cumbersome and impossible to ease through, but the words of the therapist had vitalized his desire to push harder and harder.

'You are home early bro!' Otiato said, still not lifting his head from the ground.

'I did not only come home early, but I brought you someone that you might like!' Kipchirchir announces. Otiato lifted his head lazily from his gut-wrenching body to the face of a shocked Elena. The last time she heard of him, he had been shot dead by the Americans. She had been through a lot, she had seen a lot, maybe seeing ghosts was the only thing remaining before she died.

Anger, blended with pain swirled up Otiato's heart when he saw her. 'What is this little whore doing here? What is she doing here?' Otiato twitched his teeth with anger.

'You wanted her, here she is!'

'You are right!' Otiato said. He reached below the cushion of his seat and pulled a revolver from under the cushion. He aimed Elena on the face. Kipchirchir jumped in front of Elena. 'Get off my way bro. She killed my child, she deserves to die!'

'Hold down your gun bro!' Kipchirchir gestured. 'If this girl deserved to die, I would have killed her a long time ago. I would have carried her corpse to you. I wanted her dead as much as you do!'

'She killed my child. She aborted the only family that I had. Until she kills your only family, then you will understand why I want to kill her.' Otiato grinned diabolically. The smile on his face was very familiar to Elena, it was the same smile that he pulled in the hostels when he was about to kill Alvin, it was the same smile he pulled when he shot Kipyator, his henchman. It was his devil smile, diabolic, full of murder indents.

'I told you if that is the case, I would have killed her long time ago. Calm down and put down the damn gun.'

'You don't tell me what I do to her.' Otiato jerked her teeth with anger, tightening the grip of his index finger on the trigger.

'She had a miscarriage bro. Her baby was squeezed out of her life by Doreen. Doreen killed your baby,' Kipchirchir explained.

'Who told you that?'

'She did.'

'She did? And you believed her? Were her legs open when she said that? You know her legs her some supernatural powers capable of confusing men! She confused me a few months ago!'

'What is wrong with you Otiato? Are you forgetting who saved your miserable life from the jaws of your grave? When the Americans were turning your body into shreds of death, even when a shackle of hell weighed heavily on your neck, I saved you. I stood up for you because no Kenyan deserves to die from the American bullets. I stood up for you because you were my friend. I brought you to my house, I took care of you, I went to the extremes to afford your exuberant medical bills to save your dying ass. And I, I, Kip, asks you to drop your gun and listen to this poor girl.'

'Hahaha.' Otiato laughed scornfully. 'I can detect the effects of her moans in your tone. I thought you had gone to make a living. I didn't know you paid her a visit in the brothel.'

'I found her in town, rugged, grubby. mucky and stinking like a pig. She was stealing food from a downtown hotel. The poor thing had not eaten for ages!' Kipchirchir said remorsefully. I am going to forgive you for insulting me, but I will never forgive you if you killed her!

'Wow, you guys are throwing this 'killing' word all over the place way too easily. What happened to humanity?' the therapist asked.

'The humanity died when she killed my child.'

'Put down the gun Alvin. I know when someone deserves to die. She does not deserve to die. As I said, I won't forgive you if you kill her.'

'A few months ago, I wouldn't have spared anyone who laid their fingers on her. It is her sex that puts you in that situation, an oblivion of confusion. Her sex makes you wish she was immortal. I understand that feeling. I know you have fucked her, I know it worries you when you think that you will never hit her again if I killed her, but I have to kill her. She hated me, she hated my blood, she hated my kid. That is why she killed it. She never wanted anything to do with me. Miscarriage is a narrative that she peddling to buy mercy, pity, and sympathy from you and me. I am killing her right now.' Otiato offered a long tirade.

'I dare you to kill her,' Kipchirchir dared Otiato. He moved away from the way of Otiato's gun and Elena's face. For the first time, her face came face to face with his gun. She stood on the ground unfazed. She had accepted her fate, whatever life offered, she was going to pick it with gratifying hands. At that stage of her life, she would be happier with a gift of death. Life had pushed her to the periphery of suicide, death from a secondary person would have made her wishes easier.

She wanted her death quick and smooth, like from a gun wound. It was sweeter than dying slowly on the streets, in the hands of perverts who roamed the city at night. Perverts who tried to force themselves on her. Perverts who wanted to inject her with a virus that would

have given her a slow and wretched journey to her grave, that is if she would have been lucky to afford a grave.

She had suffered a lot. She wanted a short-cut to her death. She hated the fact that it was Otiato who was offering to serve her death on a silver-plate, just like she wished him to pull the trigger immediately. She wished someone else was behind the trigger. Dying from the bullet of the person you abhor most is very boring.

'Do it, please!' she encouraged him to pull the trigger. Her voice was weak, wrecking demise. Despite the withers in her voice, her tone still bore the same effect on Otiato as before. Her voice always made him weak, unmanly. He loathed how she dominated him.

'Pull the trigger bro! She just dared you to pull the trigger. Do it!' Kipchirchir shouted bitterly.

Each passing second, Otiato became weaker and weaker. His muscles were giving up, his heart could not pump blood to the hand that held a gun to the woman that his heart loved. His brain refused to send neurons to the hand that was holding a gun to the woman that his brain thought about all the time.

He slowly sunk on his seat. His was dewy-eyed. He let out a slow sob, to ease out the pain of losing his child before he had seen it. For the first time, emotions got better of him. He understood what it felt like losing someone that you loved.

Everyone watched in shock as he cried louder and louder. Elena's heart melted at the sight of him crying over the death of their child. Did she cry as much as he cried for the death of their child? She felt guilty because she didn't. How could she have cried anyways? Her eyes were dry from endless days and night of suffering and crying.

'They killed my child. Doreen, Makokha, and Alvin killed my child. They will die as my child did. I will subject them to conditions that will squeeze the life out of them as they did to my kid.'

'I will help you kill Doreen!' Elena offered. Killing another being had never been her food of thoughts, but Doreen had pushed her to the limits. She wouldn't have thought twice before jumping on the chariot that was going to kill Doreen. She wanted her dead, and because she shared that common interest with Otiato, she was ready to ride on his chariot. It was the first time that she sided with him.

